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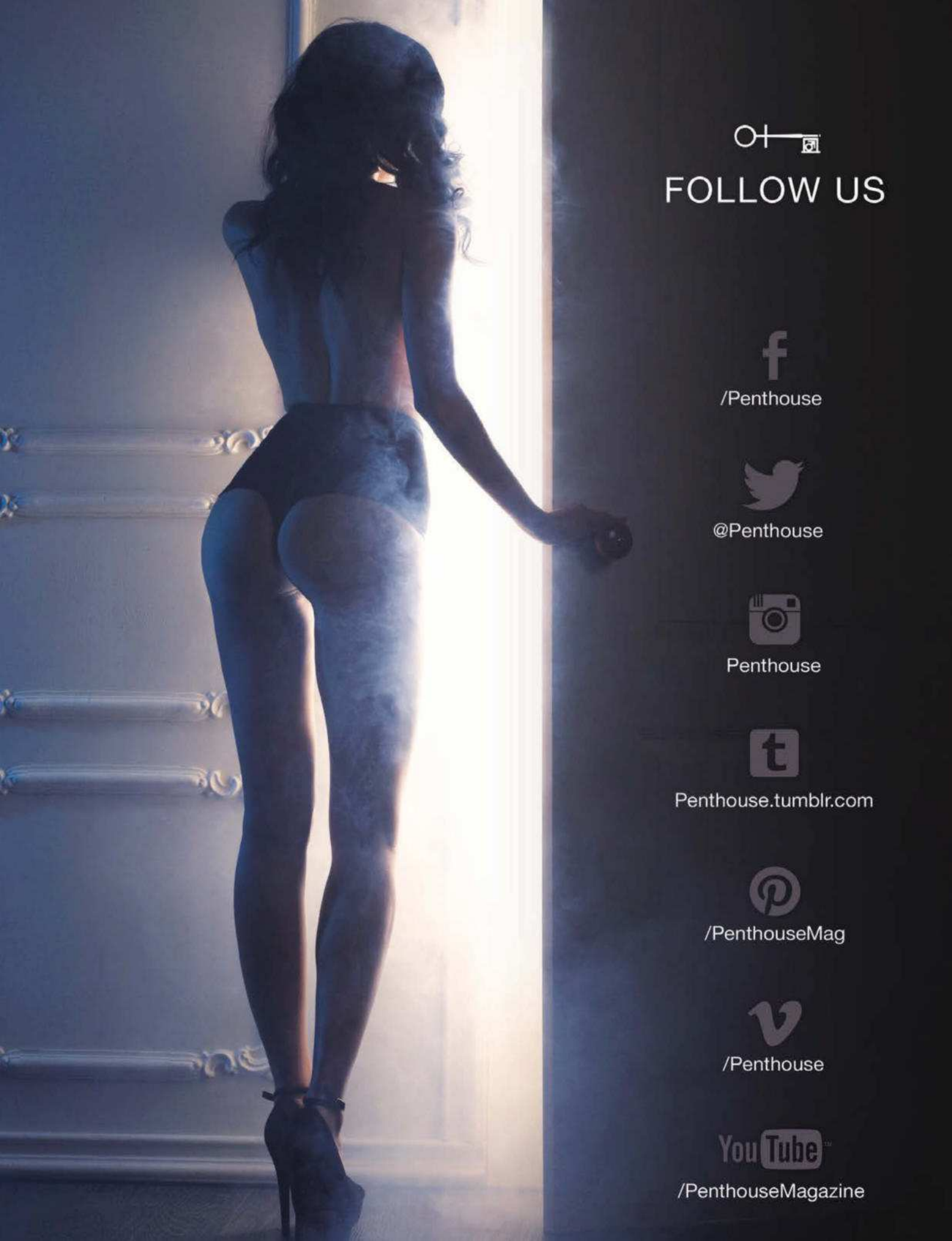
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FROM THE EDITOR

I OFTEN make excuses to go to the archives in our office, where every issue of *Penthouse* since its inception is neatly organized in a room full of shelves. I went in there recently to find the Tonya Harding sex-tape ad we put out in the nineties and stumbled across a 1996 photoshoot of Janine Lindemulder by Earl Miller.

Janine, whose tits alone are so iconic they should be on permanent display at the Met, is in a junkyard wrapped in chains and leather, circling a morning star around her head like she's about to murder a swarm of zombies. Facedown, ass up, somehow she looks insanely powerful grinding herself in such a submissive position. It was the best *Penthouse* shoot I'd seen and I wanted to recreate it. And our Pet of the Month, Leigh Raven, was the only model who could pull this off.

The theme of this issue—Punks and Outlaws—is really just me being selfish. I grew up a punk, and I love cowboys. When I was younger, all I wanted to do was play guitar really loud and scream. Music was everything. I played lead guitar in my boyfriend's band, but he was all Ian Curtis and I wanted to be Kat Bjelland.

After recruiting a few more girls I knew who played, along with a cool drummer I'd recently befriended, I started my own band, White Lung. Our first show was in a meat-storage locker turned warehouse practice space. We played four songs crammed together like sardines. Then we recorded some stuff in a guy's garage, released a few singles, kicked out our guitarist and replaced her with a genius boy, made our debut album, and dragged ourselves out on tour, over and over.

Touring in a punk band is not glamorous. Half the time you end up sleeping under a pool table next to some kid's dog. Baby wipes are your best friend. You drink Four Loko and exist on $3 of food a day. Eventually we got picked up by a booking agent. Then we signed to a big indie label and got a publicist.

The band started collecting good reviews from *Rolling Stone,* SPIN, and Pitchfork, and we were finally making money. We went to Japan, Europe, England, Australia and New Zealand a few times over. I took a vacation mid-tour with our bassist and went to Greece to relax. We got snobby about hotel rooms. When we were feeling bratty, we stacked our contract rider with stupid shit like lube, yellow roses, and birthday cake. Our punk band had turned into a career.

But like miniskirts and pink hair, punk only looks cute on you in your twenties. We all have to grow up. Touring is a young man's game. Every now and again, I want to blast Discharge, but I'll do it while scrubbing the bathtub. You can take the girl out of punk, but you can't take punk out of the girl. Or whatever.

I'm convinced that the kids attracted to punk are actually sensitive, damaged little jellybeans with soft insides. Being dirty, loud, and rude is a way of keeping everyone you dislike away from you. But what does it mean when you get older? For me, it means I used to be a punk, and there's a part of me that still is.

When I asked our Pet of the Month Leigh Raven if she was a punk, she laughed at the idea. But as William S. Burroughs once said, "I always thought a punk was someone who took it up the ass." Leigh Raven may say she's not a punk, but in this case, she's Johnny Rotten.

Mish Barber-Way
Executive Editor
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ROAD WARRIOR

July Pet of the Month
Leigh Raven

PENTHOUSE

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Penthouse Pet of the Century
Stormy Daniels

MAIL DOMINANCE

Stormy Daniels is just an old whore who's trying to get in the limelight again because she's broke and needs money.

—Michael Matthews via Twitter

[Ed: We paid Stormy our standard model rate. She didn't ask for a penny more. All she wanted was a new Penthouse Pet key necklace, which we got her. I don't know why I feel the need to respond to such a nothingburger like yourself, but the "old whore" thing is gross. I hope you have to fuck your hand until it falls off.]

I purchased the May/June 2018 issue solely for the interview and photos of Stormy Daniels. I haven't purchased a *Penthouse* or any magazine of this nature in years, but I had to have this issue. I really just wanted to extend praise to Mitchell Sunderland for the insightful interview with Ms. Clifford and to your magazine for the support.

—J. Adams via email

[Ed: Mitchell was the best writer to turn Stormy back into a human being. Glad you enjoyed it.]

Congratulations (again) for the news-making feature with Stormy Daniels in the May/June issue. Stormy has displayed an incredible amount of courage throughout her ordeal. She is kicking ass and taking no bullshit, yet reveals extraordinary beauty that still shines as Pet of the Century.

—Adam Gordon via email

[Ed: You said it.]

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

SUMMER STORM

VINCE was working like a maniac on the gazebo. It had been the one thing at our extreme fixer-upper that I insisted be restored instead of replaced.

It was about 90 degrees in the shade, and he was out there sweating, swearing, and looking adorable as he tried to get the structure ready for summer.

I heard a rumble of thunder as I dropped some lemon wedges into the pitcher of lemonade I'd made to surprise him. Then, just as distant lightning cracked in the sky, I heard, "Goddamn it!"

I managed not to laugh as I ran outside and grabbed him by the back of his shorts.

"Stop for the day," I said. "Come inside and take a shower."

Vince raised an eyebrow. "What's the catch?"

"No catch. There's a storm coming."

He looked relieved, which made me feel a little bad for letting him work so long.

Still carrying his hammer, Vince followed me inside like a naughty kid who'd been caught playing in the mud.

"Shower," I said, pointing toward the staircase leading up to our master suite.

As he passed me, he laid a good swat on my ass. I jumped, giving a little shriek.

"Bossy lady," he muttered.

The smack to my ass kicked off a chain of thoughts that made me want to chase him upstairs and fuck him senseless. But I decided to let him get clean first.

Upstairs in the shower a short while later, Vince made happy noises as the cool water poured over him. Meanwhile, the AC kicked on, and I was glad I'd brought him in from the heat.

When I went into the bathroom to check on him, he turned and looked at me through the glass and opened the shower door.

"Coming to join me?" he asked.

Needing no more encouragement than that, I stripped off my shorts and tank top and stepped in. My hand immediately went for his cock, and he looked into my eyes before gazing down at his now-hardening shaft. I moved my wet fist up and down and watched his dick grow into a raging erection.

"Turn around, I'll wash your back," I said, making a good show of rubbing his muscled shoulders with some shower gel. Then I wrapped my arms around him and found his cock with my hand again, stroking it and caressing his balls. A deep rumble issued from his throat that sounded like it came from a big, purring cat. I squeezed his dick gently as he began thrusting into my wet fist.

Vince turned back around and I squatted down and took his cockhead into my mouth. He made that purring sound again, and somehow it vibrated straight to my pussy. I felt my insides clench with anticipation. I still wanted to fuck him, but right now I wanted him in my mouth.

I pulled back and looked up at him, licking my lips. When I stood, I kissed him roughly and said, "Turn off the water."

He cut the shower off so fast I almost laughed. Then he followed me, dripping and uncaring, into the bedroom.

We climbed onto the bed and Vince chuckled as I pushed him to his back. I straddled him, feeling his long cock slide against my belly.

Kissing my way down his stomach, I again found his cockhead with my lips. I pursed them and tongued him like a lollipop. When he growled, I took him in all the way, sucking down to the root. His body bucked up to feel more of my eager mouth.

As I stroked Vince's cock with my hand, my tongue and lips focused on the tip. I worked him fast, and then when he started to pant, I worked him slow. As he groaned I smiled, even with my mouth stuffed with his dick.

After a few more minutes I moved up to straddle him again, slowly sliding him into my cunt this time. I made my own rough sounds as I sank down and was fully seated on top of him. I began to rock, riding him slow and steady. His big hands grabbed my hips and he thrust up from beneath me.

"I'm gonna come first," I told him huskily. "Then I'm going to suck you off until you come in my mouth. I want to swallow you down and taste every drop of your load."

Vince's eyes rolled back and he groaned again. "Keep talking like that and I won't last."

He reached up to cup my breasts, his thumbs circling my nipples then pinching them. Twin sparks of pain shot through me. I squeezed my pussy around his shaft and felt him drive up hard.

"Do that again," I said, rocking faster.

Vince drove into me harder. The bang-thump-stroke of goodness hit me like a ton of bricks, and my head suddenly felt light.

"Again," I moaned.

Still grabbing my hips, he drove up fast and hard in measured time. That did it. My cunt spasmed deliciously as I came. I gripped his forearms so hard my fingernails left little crimson half-moons in his skin.

I pulled free and kissed my way down Vince's body again in a lustful frenzy. His thigh muscles tightened as he tried to stay still. He grabbed a handful of my hair and held it as I took his cock back into my mouth.

Pulling away briefly, I demanded, "Fuck my mouth."

He sighed, and his hips came up just like when he was fucking me. He drove hard into my mouth and throat, restless and on the verge of coming.

"I want you to fill my mouth. My throat—" I managed to say before he shut me up with his thrusting cock. He gripped my shoulders and pushed slightly. But I pushed back. I wasn't done.

I trailed my tongue around the tip of his cock, tracing the head before sucking him in fast and deep.

"Get that ass up here," he ordered.

A shiver ran through me. I knew what he wanted. It always got him off—and got him off hard.

I swung around so my ass was pointed toward his face while I still gobbled his cock. My fingers trailed along his ball sac, gently stroking him.

He slid a finger into me and I moaned—and so did he. I moved my mouth up and down, faster and faster. Then he added a second finger. When I looked back I saw him watching as his fingers penetrated my pussy, spreading me open.

His dick suddenly jerked inside my mouth, and I swirled my tongue slowly, taking my pace down a notch. Vince groaned and slid a third finger inside me.

I sighed against his balls, feeling myself open up even more. It was almost too much. I braced myself with my left arm and dipped my right hand between my thighs, giving my clit a swirl. He added his fourth finger and I gasped.

I sucked him harder as his fingers moved in and out of me at an insistent tempo.

"Faster," he demanded.

I rubbed my clit faster; I sucked faster. I was struggling to breathe, and so was he.

He fucked me with those fingers as I pulled my lips off his cock. Then I slid my tongue down his erection lazily. I could tell he was on the edge, and I wanted to keep him there. I didn't want to give him enough friction or speed to actually make him come.

"Stop teasing me," he snarled, sensing what I was doing. The fingers inside me flexed, and I groaned loudly. I was so close to coming again I could taste it.

I pinched my clit, and my pussy clenched around his fat bundle of fingers.

I delivered broad licks to the head of his cock, tasting the salty sweetness that was always there right before he came. I drove my mouth down his shaft, sucking and licking, inhaling deeply so he could fill my throat.

He jerked up beneath me and bellowed as he climaxed. I swallowed his come as best I could, but some still dribbled from my lower lip.

Vince was frozen for just a moment, paralyzed with pleasure. Then he began moving his fingers in and out of me at a slower pace. He was hitting all the right spots as I once again played with my swollen clit. That beautiful combination finally made me come, my pussy flexing around his fingers.

I gave his cock one last lick before we collapsed in an exhausted heap, both of us falling asleep just as the storm was ending.

—Cassie B., Charleston, South Carolina

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

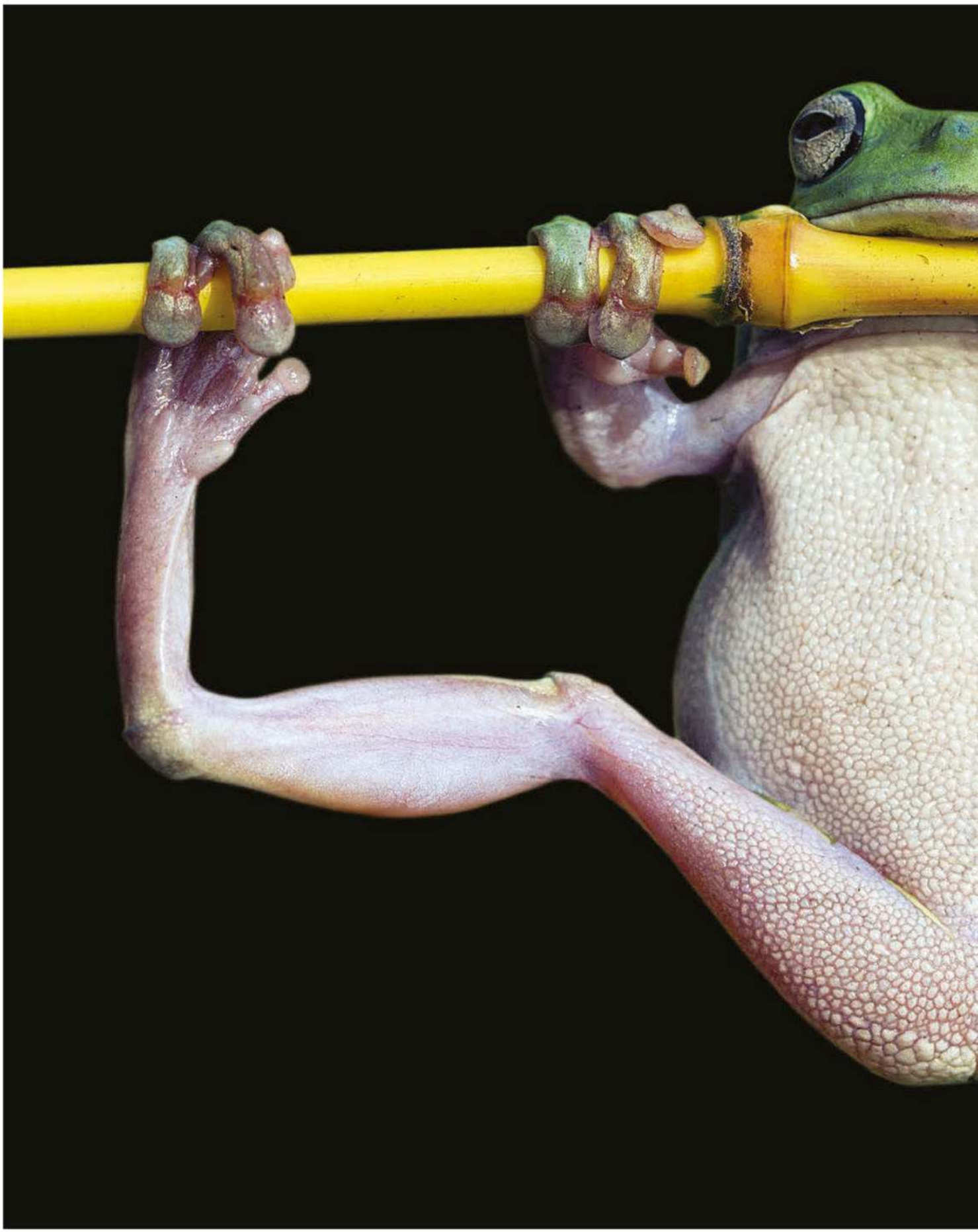

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BY KURIT AFSHEN

HIGHWAY TO HELL

SEXBOT NOOKIE, MUMMIFIED MONKEYS, FROG-SKIN BIKINIS, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY FOSSIANT

GUYS AND DOLLS

TIRED of the same old same old in your relationship, but too scared to start an affair with another sentient being? You're in luck!

Last fall, "Samantha" the AI sex doll was unveiled, sending rich, lonely pervs into a tizzy.

She was created by Sergi Santos, a 39-year-old electrical engineer who runs the Barcelona-based firm Synthea Amatus. He says he was inspired to design the inert, soulless sexbot so he'd have someone to get jiggy with when his wife isn't in the mood.

"I need sex some times of the day that my wife doesn't want to," Santos said. "And I said, Look, sex is breaking already many relationships because of lack of synchronism, and I would not put that pressure to my marriage."

How could anyone not want to have sex with *that*?

The "hyper realistic" (not our words) Samantha comes equipped with sensors on her face, hands, breasts, and lady parts. And despite her vacant stare, she can talk, laugh, and give compliments. "I like it slow and gentle, I mean it, sweet God, I wish this went on forever," recites her monotone voice. She's also programmed to tell jokes and discuss philosophy, science, and animals, and she "likes" to be kissed.

Samantha costs between $2,800 and $7,000, and has three modes: Family, Romantic, and Sexy. We have no clue what "Family" means, but to get Samantha feeling "Sexy," all that's required is to say to her, "Get sexy."

"Okay," she responds. "I think I am ready to do sex stuff, do you want me to?" Rub her hand and she'll say, "Lovely, thank you for spending time with me. I enjoy being with you." Stick a finger in her mouth and doll-holes, and she'll moan. Samantha also has a G spot and can (allegedly) have an orgasm.

And while Santos is busy violating Samantha as his wife reads in the next room, men in Dortmund, Germany, can finally spend some quality time in the country's first sex-doll brothel.

In April, Bordoll opened its loving doors to customers, and founder/madame Evelyn Schwarz claims that men from all over the country have visited, with a return-visit rate of 70 percent!

The brothel's 15 female dolls (and one "well-stocked" male, for ladies and gay men) are imported from Asia and come in a variety of shapes, breast sizes, and hair colors. Bordoll's six private rooms offer a selection of porn, sex toys, condoms, and lube, which is required to protect the dolls from tearing.

Schwarz explained that her dolls are ideal bedmates "because the client can do what he wants to and nobody complains," though no biting or scratching the dolls is allowed, for obvious reasons. They are also exemplary employees, as she told VICE: "They're always here because they're never sick, they always look good, and they offer all three holes with no complaints or extra charges."

Sign! Us! Up!

HARSHEST OF TOKES

THERE is a nasty medical condition that drives people to take insanely long, hot showers—sometimes for more than an hour—multiple times a day.

The epic sessions can start to dominate the lives of these sufferers.

And the condition is connected to pot smoking.

As reported in a freakish, detailed *New York Times* article, cases of cannabinoid hyperemesis syndrome, or CHS (also known as cyclic vomiting syndrome), appear to be growing, with a new study suggesting that a quarter of the roughly eight million Americans who smoke weed daily might experience the syndrome at some point.

Nausea, vomiting, and sharp physical pain are the core symptoms. A military vet quoted in the *Times* said his pain hurt worse than broken bones he'd suffered. Doctors don't yet know exactly what causes CHS, though they liken it to developing a potent allergy to a favorite food. And when it hits, the only thing that seems to give at-home relief is a shower with the water temperature dialed way high.

Why does that help? Researchers speculate that frequent cannabis use might alter an individual's pain system. The shower's hot blast distracts from the pain signal.

For those with serious cases, it's a living nightmare. The *Times* profiled a 28-year-old who suffered undiagnosed CHS for a decade. Symptoms hit every few weeks, and when they did he would spend *hours* in the shower. He went to the ER dozens of times, tried countless psychiatric and anti-nausea medications, had two colonoscopies, and even had his appendix and gallbladder removed. Only when he stopped smoking ganja did the condition lift.

It's damn expensive, too. One researcher says the average CHS patient racks up $100K in medical expenses before diagnosis. And then factor in the water bill. We're hoping this shit doesn't sound familiar to anyone reading this, but if does, it could be time to pursue other ways of relaxing, like swapping in breakfast beer for wake and bakes.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY SUZANNE TUCKER

THE PURLOINED MONKEY

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY SUZANNE TUCKER

HAS the mummified Minneapolis monkey mystery been solved? Can amateur pet detectives stand down? At the very least, there's a new compelling theory to explain what construction worker Adam Peterson discovered in one of the ceilings of a sprawling 116-year-old downtown building, formerly Dayton's department store, this spring.

The structure is undergoing a $200M renovation to convert its multiple floors into retail and office space. Peterson came upon the desiccated body of a foot-long squirrel monkey in the ceiling ductwork, with a still-visible gash across its abdomen.

He posted his tale on the Old Minneapolis Facebook page, generating much speculation as people tried to account for the presence of the long-dead primate.

A major step toward cracking the case emerged when readers dug up newspaper ads from a half century ago advertising a "Pet-O-Rama" on one of the upper floors. Along with mynah birds and tropical fish, you could also buy "hilarious monkeys," as the ad copy read. Subsequently, a former Dayton's employee remembered a coworker once spoke of a store monkey escaping and being killed in a duct by the blade of an exhaust fan.

Then the mayor of a nearby suburb, Regan Murphy, remembered a story his dad used to tell. Playing hooky with a friend as a kid, young Larry Murphy dropped by Dayton's Pet-O-Rama and shoplifted a monkey, hiding it in his jacket only to bring it home and let it run wild. The monkey knocked shit over and took dumps, as monkeys will do. When Larry's mom came home, she freaked out. Larry hustled back to the store and furtively released the long-tailed monkey on an escalator, the adult Murphy would relate in later years.

Did the mammal then make its way into a duct and scoot into a fan blade, like one of its cousins did? Apparently, though the inquiry continues.

Someone needs to write a kids' book with a better ending. The monkey liberates its comrades, and they get the fuck out of the department store, hop a train south, and live happy, fulfilling monkey lives in a steamy Mississippi forest.

ROUTE 666

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY ROB BYRON

SATANISTS are people, too.

Consider that one moral of this devilish tale from Arizona, where the state's Satanic Temple chapter has adopted a two-mile stretch of Interstate 10 between Phoenix and Tucson following their successful application to Arizona's Department of Transportation (ADOT).

Yep, if you're cruising along that sunbaked highway near Casa Grande you'll pass a sign informing you that the road-shoulder cleanliness in this desert landscape is a credit to the trashpicking of local Satanists. Temple member America Curl (real name) contacted the ADOT last autumn to say her group would like to do what chapters of the Girl Scouts, bowling leagues, and Rotary clubs do, and that's sponsor some vehicular real estate.

The government bureau said sure–just pay the fee and fill out the paperwork. And though our country may have begun with Puritans terrified of cloven-hoofed Satan and witches on brooms, times have changed. And so early this year Satanists wearing orange safety vests stabbed litter with devil-style pitchforks along a highway they dubbed the "Road to Hell."

Did any Christians object? Of course they did. "This is offensive and the state needs to be forced to take it down," one woman posted on Facebook. Someone else posted, "Jesus is coming soon, you are never too far gone. Repent. Can you see the times we are living in?"

As it happens, Satanic Temple members don't even believe in the devil. Though they don't believe in God, either. Their philosophy is secular and humanist, and they advocate for inclusion, civil liberties, and community action. The Arizona chapter's website calls their brand of Satanism "primarily political, intellectual, and artistic at its core."

Naturally, local media had a field day with the "Highway to Hell" AC/DC jokes. And as surprising as it would be to pass that Satanist sign, we can think of more shocking Adopt A Highway sponsors. Imagine passing a sign reading "Nickelback Fan Club of Arizona." Gaia Conventi

COOKIE PORN

BACK in 1979, an English freelance illustrator took a gig creating imagery to appear on tins holding Huntley & Palmers biscuits–or cookies, as we Americans call them. The estimable company, founded in 1822, requested cozy, traditional scenes of ladies in bonnets and curly-haired children enjoying tea time in a countryside setting.

And that's what the illustrator gave them. But he also threw in something extra.

Mick Hill–a "naughty boy playing with his pen," as he put it almost 40 years later– added "a bit of smut to the proceedings," in his words. Hidden in the background of his quaint tableau was a tiny naked couple getting it on in the garden. And two dogs were going at it doggie-style not far away. Hill thought he'd made the figures so small and rudimentary that when the illustration was reproduced biscuit eaters wouldn't notice.

Whoops. The image transfer was sharper than Hill expected. People noticed.

The cookie company had to redo the tins. And with a stick up their corporate bums, Huntley & Palmers issued a stern press statement, calling the tomfoolery "a joke in rather poor taste" and "a very stupid and costly prank." The British newspapers loved the tale. "Sexy Secrets on the Christmas Biscuit Tin!" ran one headline in the *Sunday People*.

Contemporary press stories reported that the stunt was a bitter illustrator's revenge for being fired. Hill, wanting to keep a low profile, never came forth to set the record straight. Until now. And the emergence of this eccentric, long-bearded artist, with his very English tale, has delighted England. "Confessions of the Biscuit Tin Sinner," joked one tabloid. The impish Hill has been interviewed by the BBC and other high-profile venues.

And it turns out, saucy Mick didn't stop at just one naughty deed back in the day. He also added a Japanese inscription for *Sex, Drugs, and Rock 'n' Roll* to another biscuit tin.

You rule, Mick Hill. You'd fit right in here at *Penthouse*.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY GAIA CONVENTI

GREEN IS GOOD

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BIKINI IMAGE BY WAVEBREAKMEDIA (and then covered in frogs)

NO doubt you've heard of glitter boobs, aka disco tits. Popular at Coachella and other hipster music festivals, it's a look whereby young women cover their breasts with adhesive glitter in lieu of a bikini top, body paint, or skimpy wrap.

Now a curvaceous beauty down in Louisiana has outdone glitter boobs by creating a sexy-as-hell top and bottom using the sewn-together bodies of preserved dead frogs.

Photos of 28-year-old Fabiana LeFleur, from the small town of Henderson, have gone viral–both because of the flattering thong bikini she fashioned from multiple amphibians and because she looks so goddamn hot posing bayou-side in her creation.

As she explained to local TV station KLFY, she'd grown up hunting and fishing with her dad, a guy who taught her not to waste anything from an animal. Her frugal pops even carved knife handles from deer bones, along with eating the venison and tanning the hides.

So after LeFleur caught a bunch of big frogs and removed their meat for a meal, she went ahead and did what any swamp goddess would do: crafted a smokin' swimsuit.

"The most difficult part of making the bikini," she told the Huffington Post, "was the skinning of the frogs. Normally, to filet a frog you would just make a cut around the belly and pull off the pants to expose the legs. To keep the whole things intact, I had to turn them completely inside out without damaging the skin, so it's a more delicate operation."

After the frog hides dried, LeFleur connected them with sinew and applied layers of shellac to waterproof the frog-kini. We're positive she'd knock 'em dead at Coachella 2019 were she to show up in her creation, but apparently the suit has limitations. Since there's no underwire up top, "there's not as much support as a standard bathing suit," LeFleur points out. "As a piece of sportswear, a wardrobe malfunction would be inevitable."

We can think of worse developments.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY AFRICA STUDIO

PUNCHABLE FACE

EVER since the Milwaukee Brewers switched baseball leagues and entered the same division as the Chicago Cubs, games between the two teams have featured bigtime stadium craziness. The inebriation and fan ejections are especially predictable at Milwaukee's Miller Park, not least since hordes of Cubs fans make the trip north and mix with fans of their archrival.

But one April Friday night featured a new twist. Like a cross between *Anchorman* and *Major League,* a fight broke out in the stands between two local TV reporters. The guy who got the worst of it had to receive medical treatment for a broken nose, a chipped tooth, and orbital fractures. Did we mention a blonde female reporter played a role in the rhubarb?

WTMJ's Ben Jordan attended the game with his fiancée Madeline Anderson, who works for WITI, making them an NBC-and-Fox-affiliate couple. When they spotted one of Madeline's Fox 6 colleagues, A. J. Bayatpour, a Chicago-area native and self-described "huge Bears and Cubs fan," they invited him to take the empty seat beside them.

Was Bayatpour feeling salty as a Cubs fan in enemy territory? Had he been drinking? As of press time, details are sketchy. But this we do know: At some point, Anderson showed Bayatpour a photo of a bulldog on her phone, saying its face reflected how she felt: angry.

Bayatpour said the dog just looked "disinterested." Then he went on to say she should have showed him a photo of former Bears quarterback Jay Cutler, a man notorious for a facial expression appearing hugely disinterested, even mid-game. Anderson took offense–it seemed like Bayatpour was calling her on-air TV face Cutler-esque.

Jordan came to his fiancée's defense, which is when things went full *Anchorman*. The men traded insults. Did it escalate to a "Let's dance, dickweed!" moment, like in the movie? It would seem so, because Bayatpour suddenly punched Jordan in the kisser. Which was suboptimal, for multiple reasons. Bayatpour should have followed Ron Burgandy's No. 1 rule for TV newsmen throwing down: "No touching of the hair or face."

Fox 6 suspended him. And he's been charged with felony battery.

ONLY *YOU* CAN STOP KARDASHIANISM

JUST when we thought there was no more hope in this world, a New York City dive bar offers a blessed ray of light.

For 27 years, the East Village's legendary Continental bar has been offering up punk shows and cheap booze to downtown denizens. (Joey Ramone used to hang out here, for fuck's sake!) Tragically, the bar is scheduled to close this summer, but even in the toxic death grip of hypergentrification, its owner has posted a defiant (and brilliant) new house rule:

"Sorry but if you say the word 'literally' inside Continental you have 5 minutes to finish your drink and then you must leave," reads the photocopied sign outside the bar. "If you actually start a sentence with 'I literally' you must leave immediately! This is the most overused, annoying word in the English language and we will not tolerate it. Stop Kardashianism now!"

Bar owner/sign author Trigger Smith told NPR, "I had a dream, and it felt like a higher power was speaking to me, saying that it is your task to put an end to the over-usage of this word." He told others the sign is just a joke, however, and that his bar would be empty if he actually enforced the rule. "How could I mean that? How could I be serious? I literally feel sorry for anybody who would take this seriously."

We prefer to think Smith means it, though, because we, too, share his dismay over the wanker-ization of our language, and we'll happily contribute to this list, if the Continental cares to expand on its policy.

Trigger Smith: Call us–literally!

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY TINSELTOWN

O FLORIDA

HOW do we love thee, Sunshine State? Let us count the ways.

First up is 60-year-old Danny Konieczny, who in March stole an ambulance from the Villages Regional Hospital, where he'd been taken after his neighbor reported him as being drunk and suicidal. After waiting in the ER for two hours, the feral-looking Konieczny got pissed off and left, taking an ambulance with him.

"I've been doing this for 21 years in Lake County. I think it's the first I heard of this," said Sheriff's Office Sergeant Fred Jones. "You're taken to the hospital because you're drunk, and now you're in the ambulance you've just stolen to go back to your house. This could have been bad."

Upon his arrival home, Konieczny parked the ambulance in the same asshole neighbor's driveway. Cops later found him in the trunk of his car, inside his garage (though to date no one has explained this particular tidbit). Konieczny was arrested and charged with grand theft.

Then there's 26-year-old Kennecia Posey, who was a passenger in a vehicle that was pulled over for swerving in the coastal town of Fort Pierce. When cops smelled marijuana, they searched the car and found bags of weed and cocaine in Posey's purse. She admitted the pot was hers, but pled ignorance about the nose candy.

"I don't know anything about any cocaine," the police report quoted Posey as saying. "It must have flown through the window and into my purse."

Despite her entirely plausible defense, Posey was charged with a felony count of cocaine possession and a misdemeanor count of marijuana possession.

Our final shout-out goes to the crazy-ass white Chinese goose (name and age unavailable) who's been terrorizing Floridians. Yay, animals!

According to residents on Green Reed Road in DeBary, which is north of Orlando, the goose has been living in the area for some time, but recently turned mean.

"I don't know what happened," Jennifer Gesule told WKMG-TV. "But his friend died and that's when the goose went a little bit crazy." Since then the goose has shunned the company of other geese, hanging out with a lawless gang of ducks instead.

Gesule went on to explain that the goose has a thing against pedestrians, especially children. "He usually follows the kids home from the bus stop or he tries to attack everyone who is at the bus stop," she said.

Another resident complained that the goose has been tearing apart window screens. "He's also broken several windows," she said. "You can't even sit out in your yard in peace anymore because of this guy."

Last we heard, the goose was still at large.

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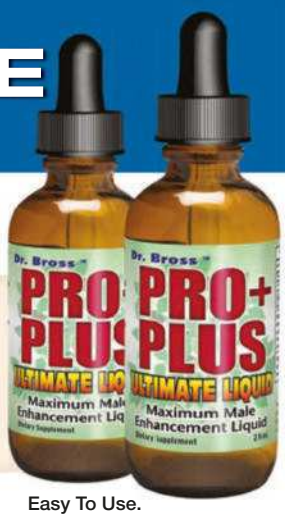

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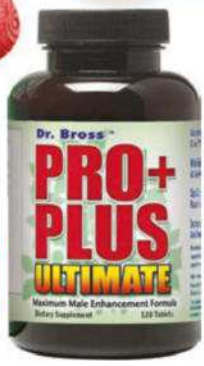

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PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BY KOBBY DAGAN

HEAD FOR THE CHILLS

OR, WHY A GODDAMN MARIAH CAREY SONG GIVES ME GOOSEBUMPS.

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

Are you that guy on the subway with the big goofy headphones, having apparently uncontrollable spasms in full view of dozens of commuters? You could stop it if you wanted to, but fuck that, the bass drum is kickin' and your body wants to move.

Granted, people might think you're an idiot, but reacting to music physically is just human nature. Everyone's born with a metronome in their chest and an incredibly versatile instrument inside their mouth. Which is why your audience might cut you some slack.

Not everyone experiences chills and goosebumps hearing certain passages of music, however. As that title teaser indicates, I get both. And though I can't believe I'm admitting this in print, one of the musical moments this happens is when Mariah Carey hits that high note in her cover of "Without You."

I can't help it. It's internal wiring. Or so I've always told myself. And it turns out, new research into musical response supports this idea that differences in brain architecture account for why some people get all tingly and moved, and others don't, during songs.

Matthew Sachs, now a PhD candidate at USC's Brain and Creativity Institute, conducted a study while at Harvard designed to figure out why the goosebump reaction doesn't happen to everybody.

A musician and music fan himself (he plays piano and the bassoon), Sachs asked his test subjects, both those who get the chills and their less tingly counterparts, to bring in favorite pieces of music and listen while he and his colleagues measured their heart rates and skin conductance (a measure of general arousal).

People showed up with songs by Coldplay, Bon Iver, Kanye West, 'N Sync, the Beatles, and other bands and artists. As the test subjects listened to three of their favorite songs, along with three others, the researchers also scanned their brains using an MRI-based neuroimaging technique called "diffusion tensor imaging." The listeners were asked to rate their emotional responses from zero to ten (no pleasure to high pleasure), and also press down on a keyboard space bar if they felt a chill, and hold it down for the chill's duration.

Sachs and his team found distinct differences between the brain structures of those who experienced chills, and those who didn't. The chills crowd had greater connectivity between the auditory cortex of their brains and areas that process emotion, thanks to more fibers linking the regions.

My Mariah response came down to fibers? Apparently so.

But I had questions. Like, were there differences in intensity of musical passion between the two groups? Were there differences in musical aptitude? And would it be possible for, um, a musician to engineer more chills in an audience by understanding how this all works?

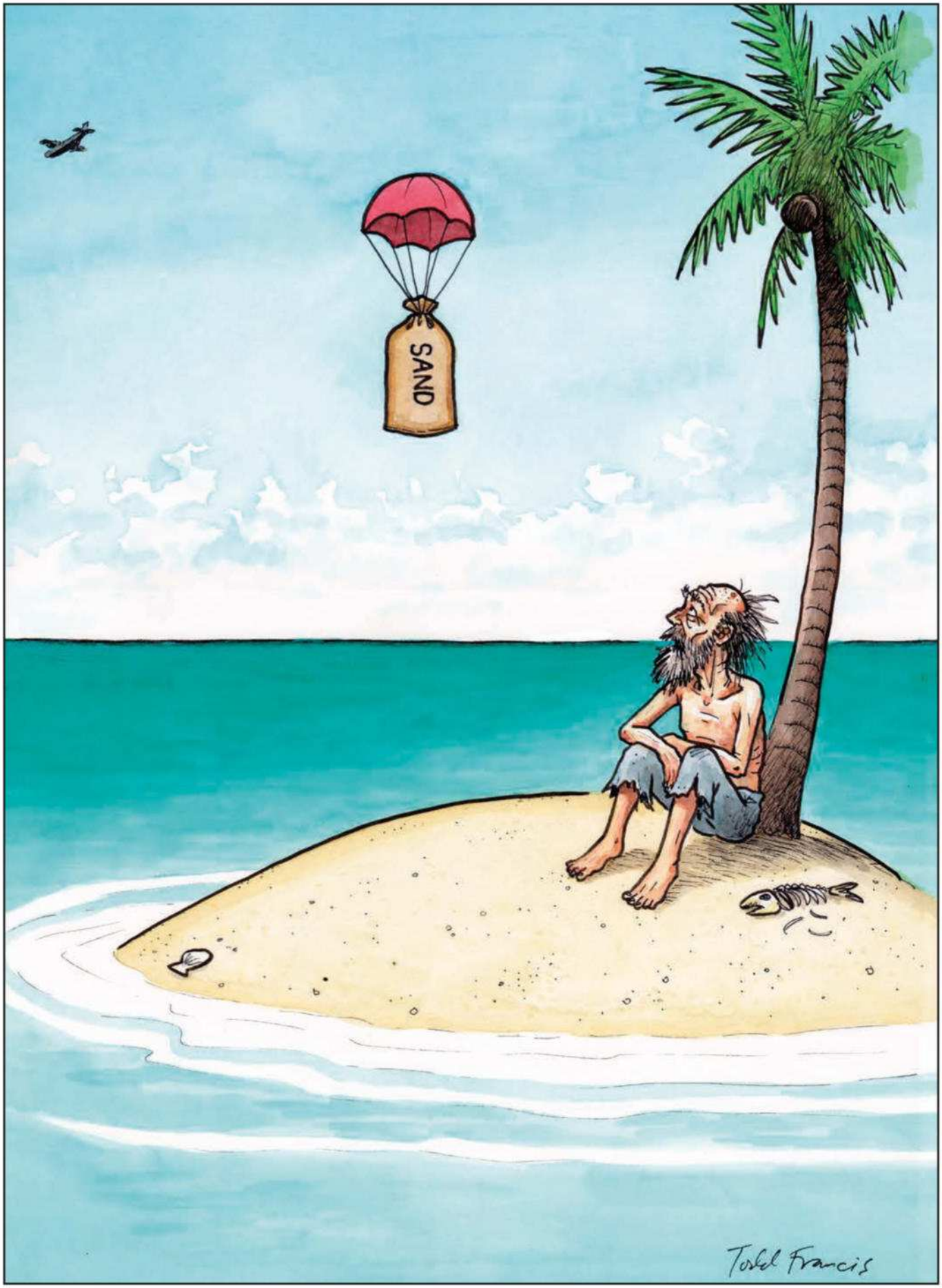
I got in touch with Sachs. Though he was careful about drawing unfounded conclusions, he does think his research could shed some light on the evolutionary history of human aesthetic response—to music and the other art forms that have existed in all cultures at all times. And he spoke as well of potential real-world implications.

"I've thought a lot about whether a type of music-based therapy for treating mood disorders could be developed around intense emotional experiences with music," he told me. "These findings might help identify who would respond well to this type of therapy."

After our exchange, I played that damn Mariah Carey song again.

And got the shivers.

Chris Collingwood is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released their eponymous debut in 2016. Follow him @lookpark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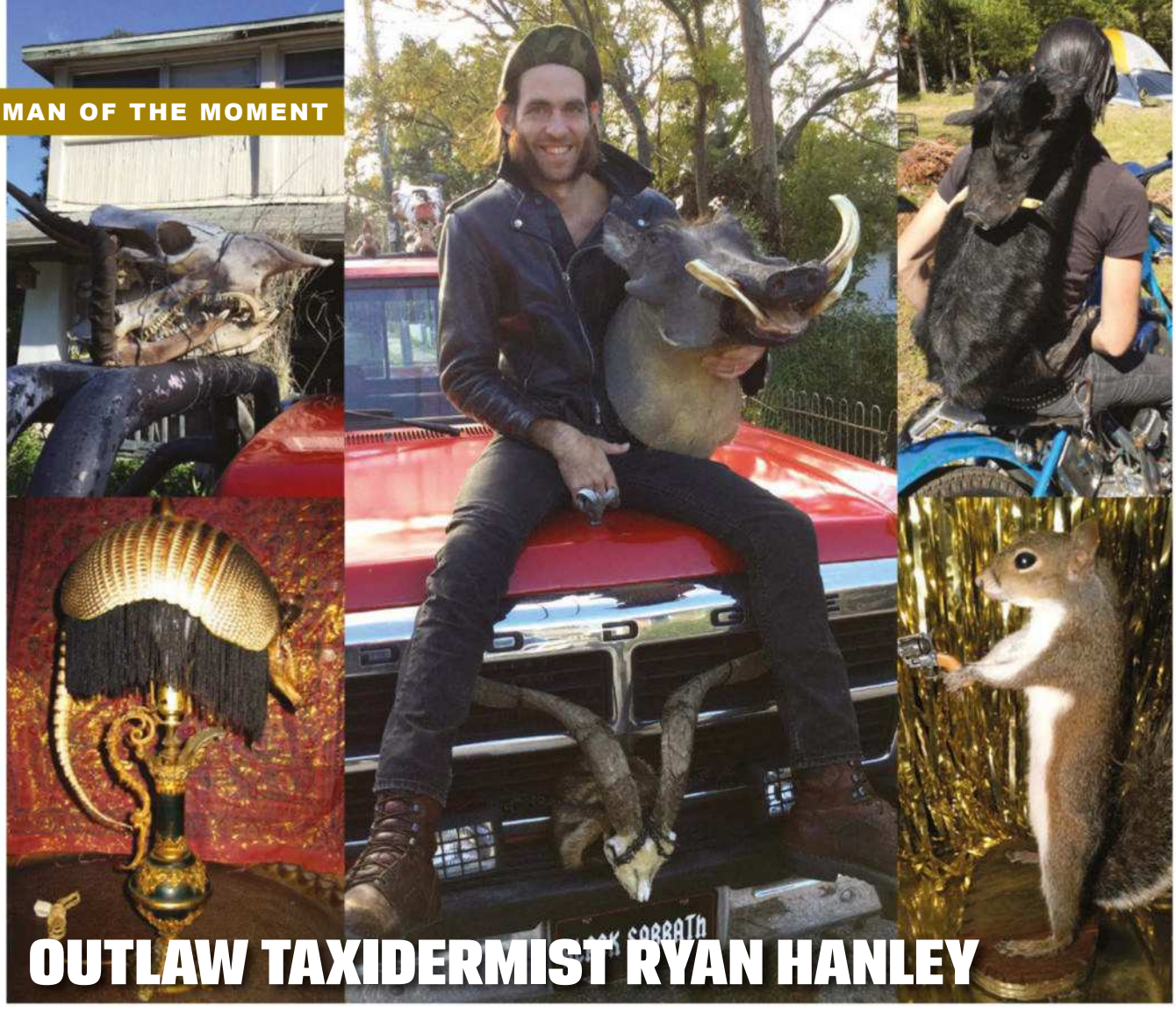


OUTLAW TAXIDERMIST RYAN HANLEY

THOUGH most of America sees Florida as a trashy swamp where old people go to die and alligators roam the streets, it's the last state to boast true freaks. Anything goes in Florida, which is why taxidermist Ryan Hanley is proud to call New Smyrna Beach home. Here, the 36-year-old punk has made a name for himself with his unique brand of taxidermy, having been featured in the most unlikely of places, including *Vogue* magazine and the Aziz Ansari Netflix comedy series, *Master of None*.

Hanley and his wife Jen run an online store selling his gun-toting squirrels, Victorian-inspired armadillo lamps, raccoon purses, and frogs riding miniature Harleys. Hanley quickly gathered a cult following online with punks, bikers, and fashion-forward freaks alike, even making a custom wild-boar backpack for musician Malcolm Ford.

In 2013, Laurel Baker of St. Augustine's Anchor Boutique hosted Hanley's first solo show, introducing his demented animals to a new audience. Unlike other taxidermists, who purchase their animals, Hanley hits up local animal control workers, and every day he drives around in his truck, looking for roadkill to repurpose.

"I'm taking animals that would have rotted on the side of the road and making them live forever," he says. "PETA can't be mad at that."

Hanley learned his craft seven years ago at Quality Taxidermy in DeLand. His mentor was an old Kentucky redneck named Robert Bishop, who Hanley says was "into chicks with dicks" and cut his food up with the same knife he used to skin animals. "Great guy," Hanley remembers. "A total weirdo."

Bishop was tough on Hanley. He had to handle five alligators right off the bat, and when Hanley erroneously left the fat on the first two, Bishop let him know. Despite the rookie mistakes, Bishop invited him back the next day, and ended up keeping Hanley on for 18 months. By the time Hanley left, he had the skilled hands to execute all the crazy ideas running through his head.

Hanley's first solo gator catch was just under 14 feet long. "I had meat for two months and made $2,000," he says. "After that, the next animal I cut open was an armadillo."

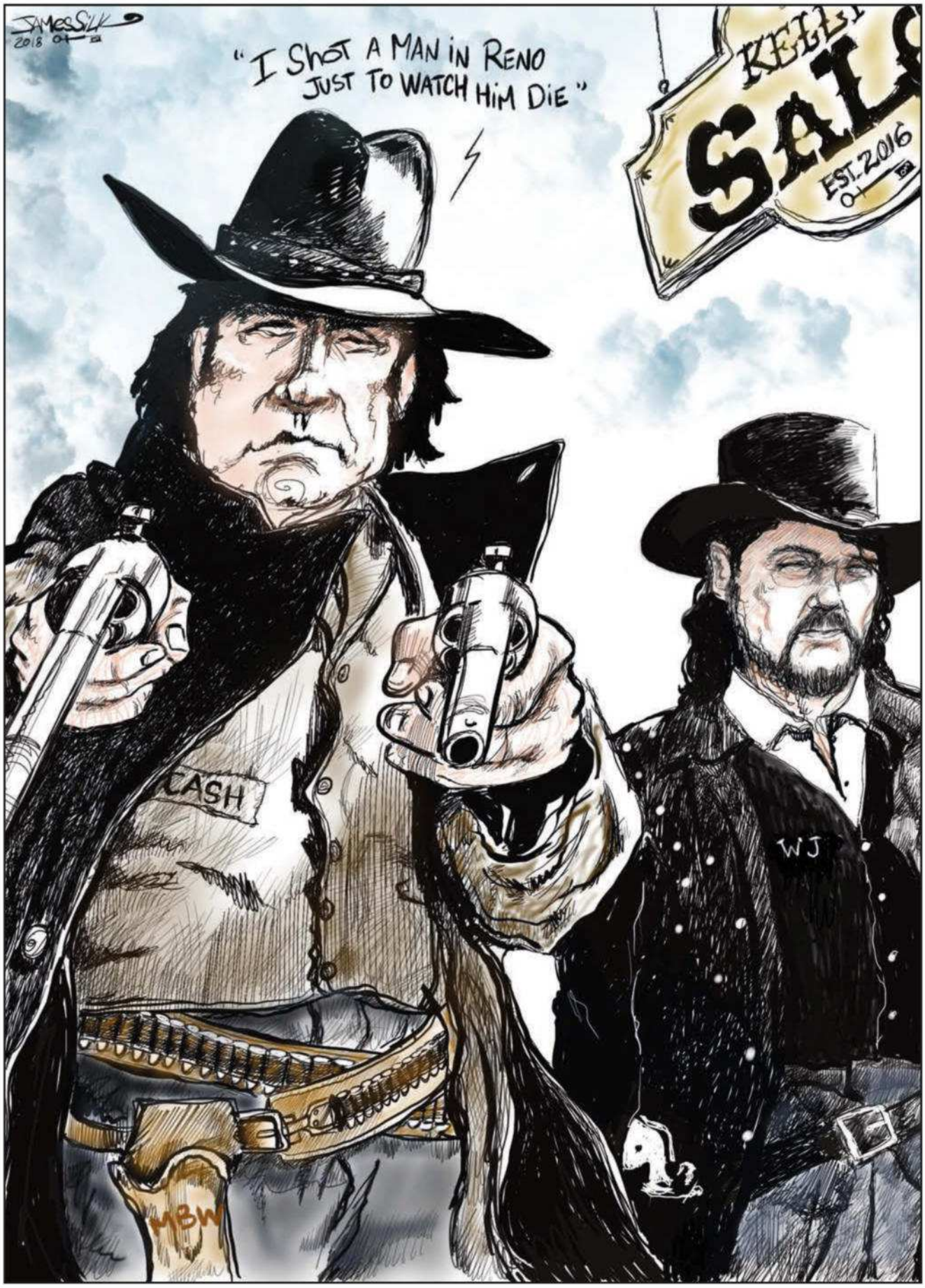
The artist's house is a dark museum of his reincarnated roadkill. The walls are adorned with everything from bobcats, sharks, and stingrays to punk rock paraphernalia, leather bondage pieces, and other treasures found by his wife. Recently, Hanley has taken up a new hobby: breeding tarantulas and scorpions.

"There are so many different species to collect," he says, "and the cost is high, so why not breed? I'm hooked. Right now, I have over 400 tarantulas and 100 scorpions. It's a dream come true." Better yet: Exotic pet lovers have been paying him top dollar for the terrifying arachnids. He loves the work and doesn't seem fazed that his bathtub has turned into a tarantula fuck den.

Hanley's delight in these phobia-causing, poisonous little monsters is not all that shocking, considering he's a guy who claims that otter tastes just like beef brisket and who finds little difference between armadillo meat and pulled pork.

As Hanley says, "If you can't eat it or fuck it, tear it up."

Find more of Ryan Hanley's work at thetaxidermist.tumblr.com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LOS ANGELES-based two-piece band Deap Vally meld blues, cock rock, and punk swagger into everything they do. Since their 2013 debut album, *Sistrionix,* on through to their latest release, *Femejism,* Lindsey Troy (guitars, vocals) and Julie Edwards (drums, vocals) have provided their listeners with anthemic, sardonic hits that sound like Janis Joplin taking guitar lessons from Rory Gallagher. The duo has toured with heavy hitters like Queens of the Stone Age, Blondie, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Mumford and Sons, Marilyn Manson, and Artic Monkeys, and they recently collaborated in the studio with the Flaming Lips. Needless to say, these babes are going places.

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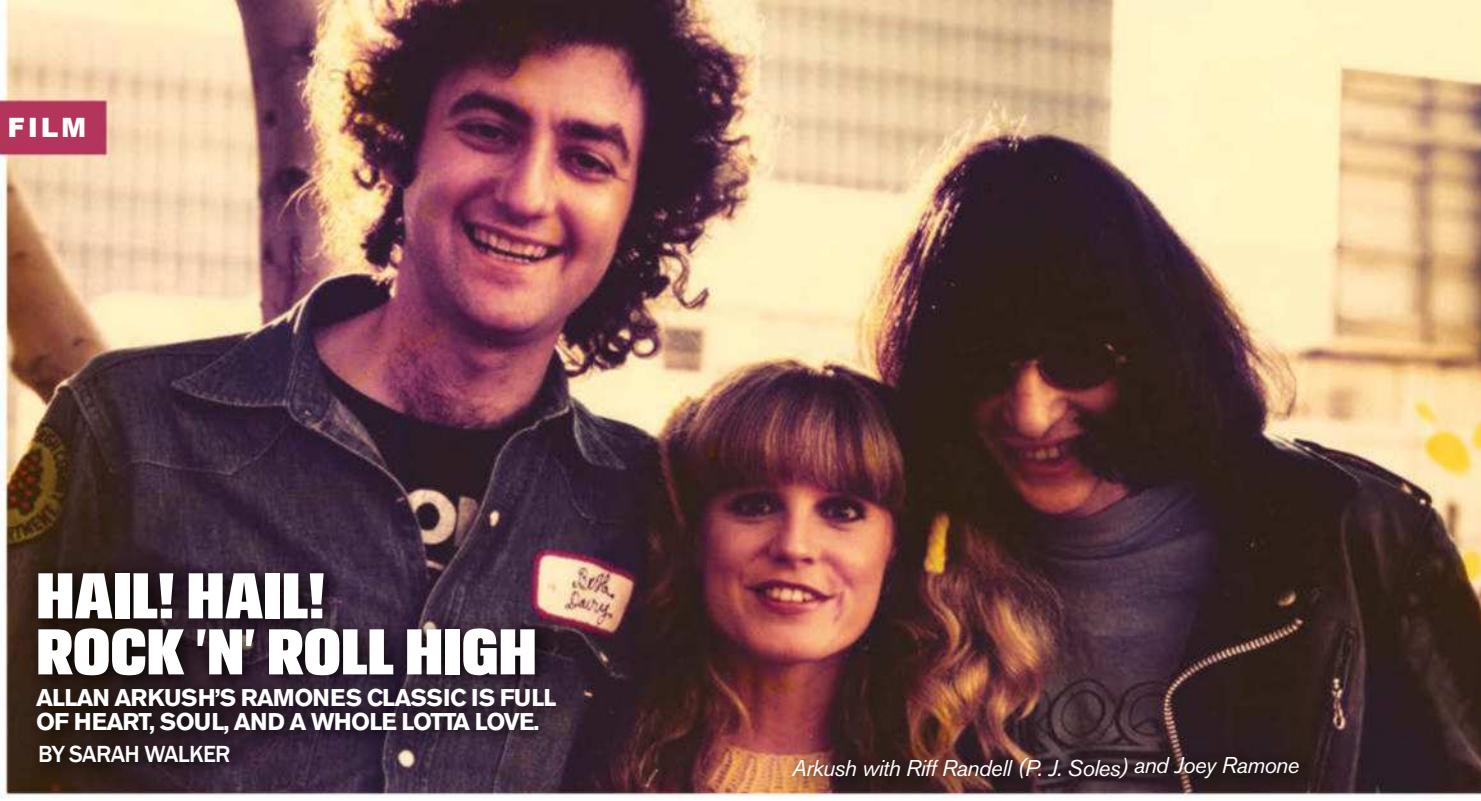


HAIL! HAIL! ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH

ALLAN ARKUSH'S RAMONES CLASSIC IS FULL OF HEART, SOUL, AND A WHOLE LOTTA LOVE.

BY SARAH WALKER

Arkush with Riff Randell (P. J. Soles) and Joey Ramone

WHEN we think of punk rock and movies, the first (shit–the *only*) film that comes to mind is *Rock 'n' Roll High School,* Allan Arkush's 1979 classic that inspired thievery in video stores throughout America and helped many a suburban kid discover the Ramones. We were lucky enough to catch the director as he was wrapping up an epic tour of legendary music sites–Graceland, Sun Studios, Jazz Fest in New Orleans–the perfect mind-set to discuss the little rock 'n' roll film that started life as a midnight movie and grew into a beloved cult favorite.

Forty years later, *Rock 'n' Roll High School* lives on. What's that like?

It's great. There's not a month that goes by that someone doesn't want to talk about it. When we made it, it was something I'd always wanted to do. It was my high school fantasy that a rock band would come to the school and we'd get out of class and go see them. For me, it was the Stones or the Yardbirds.

It's a fantastic slice of 70s L.A., full of legendary locations–the Roxy, the Whiskey, Van Nuys High School, later used in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*.

I didn't know that! We shot it there because they were very open to it. That school was in the playground scene in the beginning [where Riff blasts "Sheena is a Punk Rocker"], the gym, and the place where the mice get exposed to the Ramones. For all the other stuff we used an abandoned Catholic school–it wasn't earthquake-proof, so they couldn't have classes there.

When we initially met with schools to find a location, we used a fake script, because if they knew we were gonna blow up the school, there'd be no way they'd allow it. The Catholic school wasn't damaged, but the explosions were about three times bigger than they were supposed to be.

Do you remember Michael Goodwin, the *Penthouse* writer who covered the film's 1978 shoot?

I do remember him–he was a really good movie critic. Michael is in the movie–he plays a science teacher in a montage with all the kids dancing. He was a friend of Richard Meltzer, who was one of the first rock critics [*Rolling Stone, The Village Voice, Creem*] and an old friend of mine.

The concert scenes are amazing. You've got a hilarious mix of awkward teenagers and punk kids.

When we realized we couldn't afford to have a real crowd, one large enough to seem like it was a big concert, we came up with the idea of making the kids pay to see the Ramones. We got on this show on KROQ–Rodney on the ROQ, who was the DJ who played all the punk music in L.A. Rodney advertised on his show and the kids paid $2 or $3 to get in.

We had a couple different crowds, because we knew it was going to be a long day–it ended up being 18 or 20 hours. The Ramones were playing the same songs over and over, so when one crowd got surly, we'd let them go and bring in a new crowd. If you're knowledgeable about the L.A. punk scene at the time, you'll see Darby Crash and Pat Smear of the Germs, and many members of the Bags.

The first time I saw *Rock 'n' Roll High School* it was totally badass. But watching it now, it seems so innocent.

In all the years since we made it, there's been so much school violence, but the movie has never been pointed to in any way. Remember–on their first tour in Europe, the Ramones made the *Sex Pistols* scared! They were like a New York street gang. And they couldn't get booked anywhere, only in small clubs. They were the most outside-the-norm band imaginable.

When I heard the Ramones' *Rocket to Russia,* I thought it was one of the greatest albums ever made. It synthesized Joey's girl-group influence and [surf rock] harmonies with John's guitar, so it sounded like the Beach Boys backed by chainsaw at four times the speed. Back then it seemed dangerous, now you see little kids bopping to it. But I feel great about that.

Another thing I feel great about is the Riff Randell and Kate Rambeau characters, the fact that I was able to portray them and not make anything sexual or derogatory about them. I respected and revered them. The last time I saw the film was at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery [where Johnny Ramone is buried], and more than half the crowd was young women, and I love that. I think between the treatment of Riff and Kate and the Ramones becoming a majorly important rock band–that's why the film has been around so long. It's a wonderful thing.

PHOTO COURTESY OF ALLAN ARKUSH

HOT PURSUITS:
THE CREW 2
Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

YOUR throttle isn't the only thing that's wide open in this sprawling racing adventure, which turns the continental United States into a massive, open-world course built for high-speed chases and high-stakes races. New York City, Miami, San Francisco, and everywhere in between get condensed into roughly 2,000 square miles of freeways for street racing, purple mountains for off-road thrills, and fruited plains you can soar above just like the real-life flyover states.

Sunday drivers might play it safe with scenic road trips from sea to shining sea (a typical cross-country trek takes about 40 minutes), while the lead-footed can compete in regional races to become the most notorious driver in the nation.

Regardless of your play style, the police will engage in hot pursuit if they catch you in a moving violation. Real-life competitors drop in and out of the world at a moment's notice, so expect some paranoia when you peer in the rearview mirror.

Every racing discipline—stock cars, F1 racers, motocross, and even stunt flying and speedboat rallies—gets its due here, with events broken down in regional hubs for faster access. But instead of stepping out of your vehicle and hoofing it to another a la the *Grand Theft Auto* games, you can switch between ground, sea, and air vehicles on the fly. That means you might quick-change your Porsche 911 or Ducati street bike into a DCB M31 speedboat in the heart of midtown Manhattan if you really want to snarl traffic, but you'd have more fun if you saved the marine mode for the game's many waterways.

With this mix of road, sea, and air racing, *The Crew 2* unites all types of racers, from Coors-swilling gearheads to snooty Formula 1 fans. *Car and Driver* subscribers will spend hours mastering the finer points of each vehicle's cornering; casual fans will get off showboating and slapping the rewind button to replay their most spectacular moments.

OFFENSIVE DRIVING: RACING GAMES FOR ROAD RAGERS

> 4 <

BURNOUT PARADISE REMASTERED
(ELECTRONIC ARTS, XBOX ONE, PS4)

While most racing games are reluctant to let players scratch the paint on their cars (typically because of licensing reasons), *Burnout Paradise* dares you to keep your auto in one piece as you rack up points for stunts and close calls. This remastered version renders every collision in catastrophic detail.

> 3 <

ONRUSH
(DEEP SILVER, XBOX ONE, PS4)

Racing takes a backseat to gonzo stunts in this off-road adventure, one in which players go faster the more recklessly they drive. Successful stunts provide speed boosts that propel daredevils ahead of competitors—or through them if they achieve ramming speed.

> 2 <

TRIALS FUSION: THE AWESOME MAX EDITION
(UBISOFT, XBOX ONE, PS4, PC)

Not so much a racing game as an excuse to do crazy shit on a motorcycle, this expansion injects wacky new physics-based obstacles and surreal landscapes. Each of the 180 courses is a cross between an M. C. Escher painting and a Rube Goldberg machine. Adding to the insanity: You can swap your bike for a unicorn.

> 1 <

H1Z1
(DAYBREAK GAME COMPANY, PC)

Either drive or ride shotgun in this apocalyptic battle royale, which pits 150 players against each other in a fight to the last driver. Invite up to four road warriors to man weapons in your car as you blast other players on a map packed with weapons, stunt spots, and a growing cloud of toxic fog to keep everyone moving.

#GetTheGirl

PENTHOUSECAMS.COM

BIG FREAKS

BASKETBALL'S NUTTIEST, WILDEST, CRAZIEST PLAYERS.

BY PHIL HANRAHAN

WHEN I was a kid my dad used to tell me the reason NBA superstar center Bill Walton, then with the Boston Celtics, got so many foot fractures was because he was a vegetarian. The big redhead, with his long hair, headband, surfer-speak, and reverence for the Grateful Dead, was the closest thing to a hippie in professional sports—and my dad didn't like hippies. But since he was a Celtics fan, and respected Walton's talents, he couldn't bring himself to call Big Red a counterculture dope—which is what he would have called him had Walton done anything else but play for a Boston sports team.

Seventies Red Sox pitcher Bill "Spaceman" Lee got the same pass, and Lee—like Walton, from California—is arguably the most out-there dude ever to play pro sports. He mastered the eephus pitch—a high-trajectory blooper that drops to the plate like a slow-pitched softball. He played Frisbee with fans sitting near the bullpen. He came onto the field at different times wearing a gas mask, a Daniel Boone hat, a beanie with a propeller. He went to Communist China, grew a long, scraggly beard, and said it wasn't a Fu Manchu but a "Ho Chi Minh," naming the Vietnamese revolutionary. He took drugs, and claimed the pot he smoked made him impervious to bus fumes while jogging to Fenway Park.

Every sport has their eccentrics, their weirdos, their rebels, their free spirits. The Red Sox got another good one when Manny Ramirez roamed left field at Fenway, stumbling and rolling after balls, snagging relay throws meant for infielders, and disappearing through a door into the scoreboard booth behind the Green Monster—only to emerge moments before the next pitch. "Manny being Manny"—his hijinks gave rise to a catchphrase.

Football had ex-Redskin Clinton Portis, a dude who created multiple characters for locker-room interviews, sometimes dressing the part, with wig. His alter egos included Coach Janky Spanky, Dolla Bill, Sheriff Gonna-Getchya, and Angel of Southeast Jerome. He said some classic things, like when he remarked of teammate Santana Moss: "Now that he's gotten over his circumcision, he's doing a lot better. You can tell by the way he is running."

Not to forget wide receiver Chad Johnson, who legally changed his name to Ochocinco in 2008, the moniker reflecting his jersey number 85. In 2012, he went back to his birth name, saying he sought reconnection with his former self. He rode a bull, raced a thoroughbred horse, boogied on *Dancing With the Stars,* and this spring claimed he lived at Bengals stadium in Cincinnati during his first two years in the league. Why? Because he's cheap—his word. "The stadium had everything," he tweeted in May. "Shower, players lounge, food & tv."

But when I think of sports eccentricity supreme, I think basketball. The NBA's been embracing flamboyance, flash, and kookiness in its stars for decades, as have NBA fans.

Consider Darryl Dawkins, that liberated soul from 40 years ago. Stevie Wonder gave him one of his many nicknames: Chocolate Thunder. Dawkins himself coined Dr. Dunkenstein.

After a backboard-shattering slam on Bill Robinzine in '79, Dawkins dubbed it, "The Chocolate-Thunder-Flying, Robinzine-Crying, Teeth-Shaking, Glass-Breaking, Rump-Roasting, Bun-Toasting, Wham-Bam, Glass-Breaker-I-Am-Jam." Did we mention he claimed to be an alien from Planet Lovetron, where he practiced "interplanetary funkmanship"?

Here are five more NBA big freaks, all still with us, unlike Dr. Dunkenstein, who's up in heaven being funky, or maybe a Lovetron version of the great beyond.

No Shaq? Well, it was a tough call. Let's make him sixth man.

BACKGROUND ILLUSTRATION: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY EVGENII MATROSOV

BILL WALTON

"Throw it down, big fella!" It's one of Walton's signature phrases, his commentary itself an achievement, given that he stuttered when young. He's as loquacious an announcer ever to blab into a mic. Nonstop musings, tangents, everything amped up verbally—that's what you get with Big Red. The dude owns a solar-powered teepee, has seen the Grateful Dead more than 850 times, and once spent three minutes talking only about Bob Dylan during a USC-Oregon game. "Tonight's start was electric," Walton once declared. "Just both teams riding quasars all the way to the top of the mountain to the promised land!"

DENNIS RODMAN

PHOTO OF DENNIS RODMAN: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY EVERETT COLLECTION • PHOTO OF METTA WORLD PEACE: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY S_BUKLEY

One of the greatest rebounders in NBA history, "The Worm" is also a world-class nonconformist—witness his 2013 trip to meet his Supreme Weirdness, Kim jong-Un, the bouffant-haired Elvis-loving North Korean dictator. Pierced and heavily tattooed, Rodman dated Madonna for two months and later married Carmen Electra. In his 1996 memoir *Bad As I Wanna Be,* he wrote of an epiphany after a suicidal period: "I decided that instead [of killing myself] I was gonna kill the impostor.... So I just said, 'I'm going to live my life the way I want to live it and be happy doing it.'.... I killed the person I didn't want to be."

CHARLES OAKLEY

Oakley's the wild card here. Thanks to a revealing *Sports Illustrated* profile in 2000, we learned he's as unique in his way as the other big, tough, quirky NBA Charles—Barkley. The longtime bachelor and crotchety ex-Knick liked to take extended off-season solo drives, sometimes logging 20,000 total road miles. He owned 200-plus suits. He hated wearing the same threads twice. An owner of Cleveland car washes, Oakley was known to rag-buff a vehicle's side panel at one of his businesses while dressed in a pricey Italian suit.

"You can't throw a hook on the side of the road and expect to catch a fish in the grass," said a guy who once wore lime-green pinstripes with a fedora—this fish quote an example of Oakspeak, as *Sports Illustrated* called it. Oakley is still grumpy. In recent years he's been tossed out of both a Vegas casino and Madison Square Garden for alleged misbehavior.

METTA WORLD PEACE

Here's a guy who as a rookie—when still known as Ron Artest—applied for a job at Circuit City for the employee discount, he said. He claimed he drank Hennessy in the Bulls locker room at halftime. He once wore a bathrobe over his Pacers practice uniform to send a "take it easy" message.

The future Metta World Peace received the longest suspension for an on-court incident in NBA history (86 games). During a 1994 Pistons-Pacers brawl, he ran into the stands and later punched a fan on-court. "Lovable Badass" was the name of a 2011 Toronto art show featuring work by 30 artists inspired by Metta's colossal weirdness. *They Call Me Crazy* was the name of a proposed reality show starring the then-Laker.

CHRIS ANDERSEN

Nicknamed Birdman, this self-proclaimed Texas "redneck" who grew up miles from nowhere has tattoos covering 75 percent of his body. Rocking a spiked mohawk when he played for Denver, he developed a cult following. Kids would show up for Nuggets games sporting mohawks and fake ink. One time Andersen curled his blond hair ala Little Orphan Annie. Another time he bought a pit bull puppy on a road trip, named it Red Sonja, and smuggled it along for two more city stops until coaches noticed the pooch on the team bus. In 2006, Andersen received a two-year suspension for a drug test whose specifics weren't revealed. Birdman's tattoos? They include a thunderbird on his chest, eagles on his shoulders, crows along both sides of his legs, and "Free Bird" in bright yellow across his neck.

Free bird indeed.

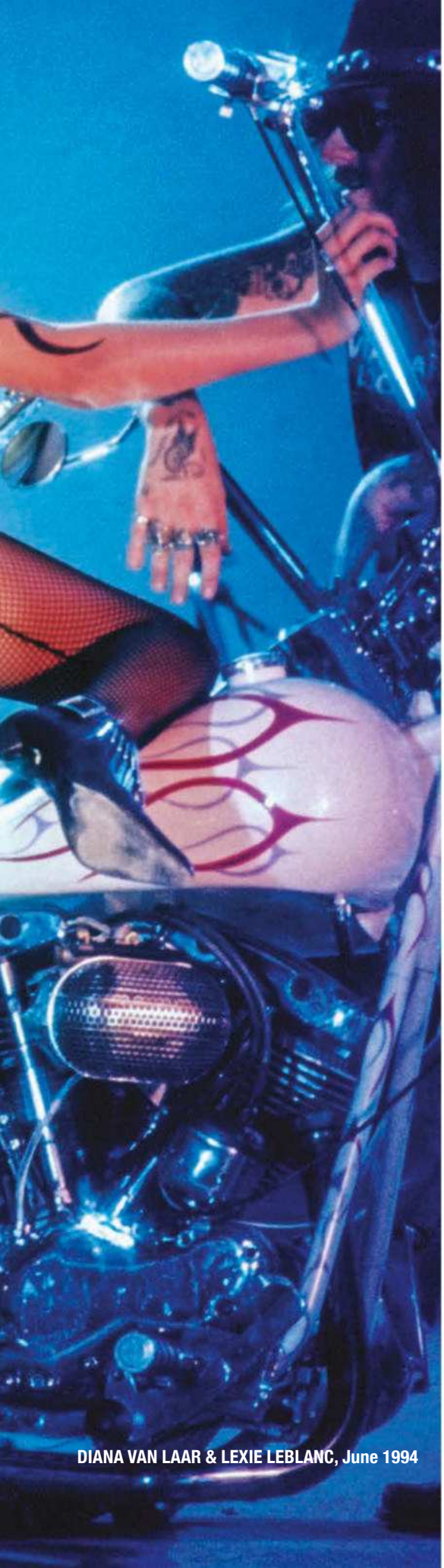
Phil Hanrahan is the author of Life After Favre: The Green Bay Packers and Their Fans Usher in the Aaron Rodgers Era. A lifelong Cheesehead, he is currently writing a book set in western Ireland that has nothing to do with football, cheese, or quarterbacking.

DANIELLE DENEUX & TAMMY HILL, September 1980

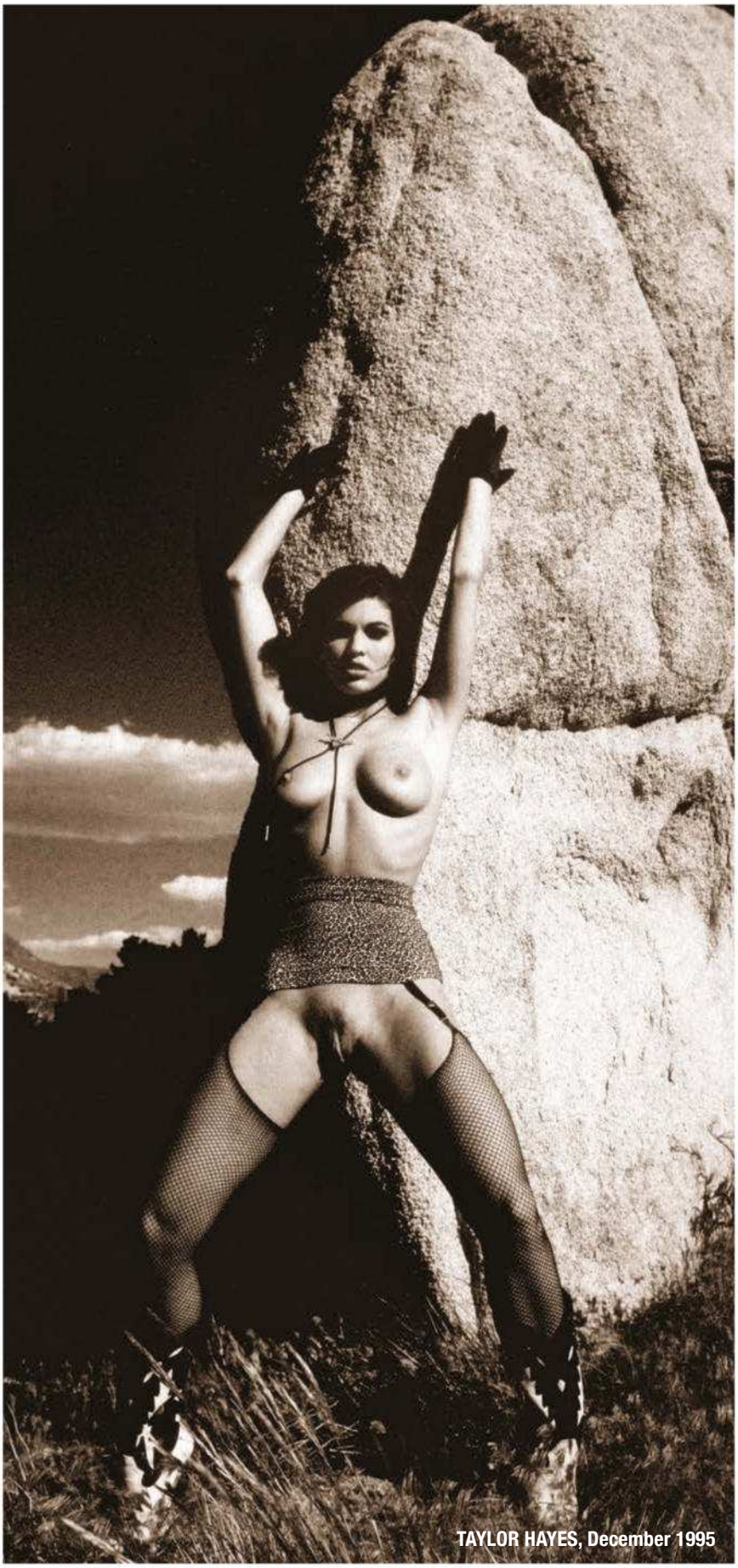
FEMME FATALES

As dear friend of *Penthouse* and critically acclaimed scholar Camille Paglia once said, "[*Penthouse*] projected an adult vision of sexuality in a highly sophisticated urban environment—people flirting in limousines, glamorous women who were as free and dominant as a man about town." Paglia called Penthouse Pets "femme fatales." They were powerful minx cats compared to Hef's cheerleader bunnies. Praise Paglia and all the Penthouse Pets who are forever on the prowl.

NIKKI TYLER, December 1985



DIANA VAN LAAR & LEXIE LEBLANC, June 1994



TAYLOR HAYES, December 1995

TERA PATRICK,
February 2000

"MY FUNNY VALENTINE," February 1976

VALENTINA NAPPI,
November 2013

GUNS, CONTROL, AND THE REAL WORLD

IF PEOPLE WERE GOOD, AND JUSTICE IMPARTIAL, THEN GUN CONTROL WOULD WORK. BUT THAT'S NOT THE CASE.

BY ZACHARY LIPEZ

I HAVE been on a campus during one fatal school shooting, been mugged at knifepoint by people of various ethnicities, been punched in the face by skinheads across the political spectrum, been bodily threatened by drunks citywide, had a large office chair thrown at me, and once, when I was 19, I had a profoundly unpleasant experience with a couple of truckers outside Chicago that wasn't exactly rape but wasn't a lot of laughs, either.

Basically, if it walks on two legs and approximates human speech, I fear and potentially loathe it. While not a misanthrope—and maintaining some vague belief in a larger divine mystery—I do not believe people are inherently good. I believe that anyone, under any circumstance, for reasons they themselves may never remotely understand, is capable of any and all acts of evil. (Evil is a concept I also believe in, even if I think most people, even the most monstrous, are also capable of a Hitler-ian capacity to love a stray dog.)

By the way, I like guns. I'm not a gun obsessive—some kind of firearms "Stan"—having only gone skeet shooting and not being particularly drawn to owning a gun myself. Fan-wise, I'll buy the shirt, though I'm more about the hits than the B sides. But I dig the heft and the power of guns, and find it wildly satisfying to pull a trigger and watch something burst.

Having grown up in small towns where many neighbors owned guns—people who helped my mom shovel snow when I moved away—I don't harbor any contempt for the casual owner, either. Of course, having been around gun owners, I'm aware of their zeal when it comes to the topic of firearms. Many aficionados talk about guns like I talk about eighties hardcore or old comic books—they collect their rarified knowledge like Trekkies.

As much as the national conversation is framed as though there's some sort of genetic chasm between people who live on the coasts and people who live in "real America," I see a commonality between those who pedantically insist on the correct meaning of "AR" in AR-15 and Brooklyn hipsters who know no god but artisanal mayonnaise. Spend ten minutes arguing data points online with your average Second Amendment fanboy and then tell me he's not a deep-cut hipster, but for guns. And I don't mean "hipster" as an insult (my tattoos, after all, are pretty aggressively dumb and obscure) so much as an accurate descriptor of dudes passionate about mastering their niche topic of choice.

I understand devoted gun owners would reject the comparison. They believe their guns are a necessity and that their right to own these weapons is both fundamental and under threat. For a while now, gun sales have been given a boost nationally by gun owners' fear of waking up one day to Nancy Pelosi absquatulating up the chimney with a sackful of pistols and the family hollow-points.

These true believers—as opposed to the effete and unserious skeet shooters such as myself—see their firearms as God-sanctioned bulwarks between their families and the entropic societal (let's be honest, often black) forces that claw nightly at their windows. Plus, even while usually loving cops and soldiers, they sure as shit don't trust the government to do more than keep the lights on and bomb Iran.

Fear is stoked on both sides of whatever cultural breach may exist by the notion that we, as a nation, are "more divided than ever." I'll spare you the Civil War corrective, because I get that when people say our country's fractures have never been deeper, they also mean "except for that one civil war." Like Trump, I value the legroom to mean what I mean if not what I say, so I think a little give is acceptable. Of course, I can think of a few Kennedys who might argue that the fissures of the 1960s were pretty bad, too. Or at least comparably more dramatic than Fox News versus All Late-Night Talk Show Hosts, including The Ones in the Triple-Digit Channels. (And yes, for sure, I'll give you that Oswald was a commie of sorts; I'm not putting *everything* on the right-wing Birchers….)

Look, I trust the government not a whit, not in its bombings of theoretical boogiemen, nor in its lobby-driven, quid-pro-quo domestic allocations. And when it comes to government operations, I distrust the feds' ability to curtail constitutional freedoms in a remotely just manner. New gun laws won't be applied to white militia nerds, but they will sure as shit be

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY SUZANNE TUCKER

We the People
NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
1871

Non Violence is a sculpture by Fredrik Reutersward at the United Nations Headquarters in New York, New York.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BY THIPJANG

used against black folk. The modern gun-control movement was started in the late sixties under California governor Ronald Reagan's beady watch to subdue Black Panthers, while 40 years later Florida's stand-your-ground self-defense law was all well and good until African-American Marissa Alexander attempted to use it in a threatening domestic situation.

Historically, new policies of control—be they on drugs or guns or both—serve to further criminalize the already marginalized. The state is a hammer that sees everyone as a nail only in theory. A cursory examination of militia versus terrorist versus gangs shows that the hands that wield said hammer can be real choosy on whose dicks get knocked in the dirt and whose get to swing fancy free all over public land.

I am most assuredly not looking for a Waco redux in every town. I want fewer people to be considered terrorists and gangsters, not more. I'm fine with intermarriage cowboys cosplaying Shays' Rebellion, and while obviously abhorring the carnage, I don't need every white serial killer to be granted serious political mojo based on maladjusted Reddit posts. I just want the same courtesy extended to your random mentally ill weirdo playacting at ISIS and for the punitive branch of the government to stick to what it does best—TBD.

Don't get me started on Massachusetts-style laws that just make it financially prohibitive to get a gun license. Why should the rich get to live longer and die more dramatically than the rest of us? It's bad enough that I can't check overweight baggage on airplanes using cash anymore.

And I understand fear. I revel in it as fully as your most paranoid end-timer. But what I fear is a population that wants to marry their flags, misuse lawn lighting, and give cops tanks while fretting about globalists with tanks forcing their daughters to breed with Mexicans.

I may be overstating their positions slightly, but if we're gonna be a nation divided, why cede hyperbole to the new confederacy? I know it bums Dana Loesch out when the NRA gets called a white supremacist organization, but it bums *me* out when she says she used to be a goth. Both are true and she and I will just have to live with our respective disappointments.

WHAT I FEAR IS A POPULATION THAT WANTS TO MARRY THEIR FLAGS AND GIVE COPS TANKS WHILE FRETTING ABOUT GLOBALISTS WITH TANKS FORCING THEIR DAUGHTERS TO BREED WITH MEXICANS.

Point is, I deeply relate to gun owners' frights and shivers, so much so that I want every mother and mother's son who has to share space with these freaks to be well armed. I don't think a forced national disarmament is in the cards ever, and, holding freedom to a premium over safety, I don't want one. I want the left to be on equal footing with the right, bullet for bullet, garish hat for garish hat. I don't necessarily want Sean Connery's "Chicago Way" *Untouchables* speech put into action, but I'd feel a lot better if the option wasn't solely in the hands of cops and the military who, truth be told, don't like us much. We leftists don't like each other much either, but we can say it, they can't (and we probably won't shoot each other till at least a few months after the revolution and the urge for purge kicks in).

I'm no accelerationist. I'm not eager for a civil war. I have conservative friends and we listen to sketchy metal together and I like them just fine. Twitter would be dull if all the fascists and Islamophobes sped their way to hell before I got a chance to screengrab their fall. Should the country split, I'll be glad to have an excuse to never go to SXSW again, but I'll miss Texas fried pickles a lot.

Nor am I calling for a libertarian suspension of all regulations. I'm not overly concerned about assault rifles as they've been involved with two percent of gun deaths over the last few decades, but I am in favor of mandated safety education. If you don't lock up your gun and it gets stolen, I think there should be consequences. I'm always down for the public shaming of dummies. And I'm against arming teachers because my sister is a teacher and she's against it and she's smarter than me.

I am for taxing the shit out of the gun industry because–admittedly paradoxically, given my disdain for presidents and cops and what have you–I LOVE TAXES. Schools and roads, baby. I love doing my part. It's why I buy so many cigarettes.

I'm just saying that, all things being equal, sectarian, long-term conflict is probably in the cards. America has had a good(ish) run, but let's not be sentimental. Militias roam the border, looking for a wall to kiss while meninists–those dudes who think men get the short end of the stick in today's world–write mass-shooting slash fiction.

The diminished seed of Billy Graham flout the most basic tenets of Jesus with abandon. Proud Boy nationalists, lured by the understandable appeal of Fred Perry shirts and, uh, undersexed, I guess, make common cause with actual Nazis and serve as an arm of petulant feeler-out-ers for the more respectable far right–the Tucker Carlson *Animal House* detritus pursing their lips at immigrants and Muslims and anyone who looks like they could have grown up listening to jazz.

And cops, always and forever, under and over every rock, cops.

All these meat puppets have guns. Guns they'll never part with. Guns they know how to use, or even if they don't they'll use anyway. As with my view of humanity's nature, I believe this is as unchangeable as the past. And that's fine. Their guns are not the flaw in their characters. I like freedom and phallic objects like it's my job. I don't pretend that human life is sacred beyond measure–I could even be persuaded to favor a death penalty in some dreamscape where only the truly guilty and irredeemable receive it.

Hell, to the surprise of no one reading this, I'm sure, I'm a vegetarian, but you shoot a deer? I'll eat it, why not? I could hate a deer to keep the peace. And I could own a gun and open-carry to keep the peace, too. As long as Black Lives Matter and CAIR and the entire writing staff of *Bitch* was afforded the same right, without persecution, without any hassle outside of weird looks at brunch, I'm game.

Guns don't kill people? Great! Then the police and fascists should have nothing to worry about. An armed populace, on both ends of the political spectrum, glaring and drinking heavily, till a good and just god gets back in town and pours down the rain.

Zachary Lipez is a writer and bartender in New York City. He is the author (with collaborators Stacy Wakefield and Nick Zinner) of 131 Different Things, which will be out in November.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY SUZANNE TUCKER

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PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / 1: BY JOEY_DANUPHOL / 2: BY EKATERINA KONDRATOVA / 4: BY LLOCQ

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WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE A BUDWEISER...

WE were so busy going on about punks and outlaws that we completely forgot about America's birthday. Happy Fourth of July! If you feel like going beyond hot dogs and Budweisers this National Fireworks Day, here are some cocktails that will hit the mark.

1. HOLE IN ONE

Though this drink may seem like a bit of a dud, you'll be surprised at how refreshing bitters, Scotch, and some bubbles can be.

INGREDIENTS:
- **two parts Scotch**
- **one part dry vermouth**
- **dash of bitters**
- **juice of half a lemon**

Fill your shaker with ice, add ingredients, strain, and serve.

2. MAYAHUEL

This cocktail was invented by Mexican agave farmers who drank these puppies as their nightly medicine. But you can have it whenever.

INGREDIENTS:
- **two parts mezcal or tequila**
- **½ part Cocchi Americano**
- **½ part dry vermouth**
- **a dash of Angostura orange bitters**

Mix ingredients into an old-fashioned glass, add ice, stir rapidly, and rub the rim with a lime wedge.

3. BEER MARGARITA

This drink is so good you won't even care if it's served with a straw and umbrella.

INGREDIENTS:
- **one part white tequila**
- **two parts light beer (Corona or Dos Equis)**
- **one part frozen limeade**
- **one cup ice**

Chill then salt the rim of a pint glass. In a blender, mix tequila, limeade, and ice. Pour half the mixture into glass, then dunk your beer bottle upside-down into the beverage. Top with a lime wedge and serve.

4. AMERICANO

This simple highball will never be on the bar menu, and you may get an espresso in hot water if you order it. So serve these at home as a pre-dinner cocktail.

INGREDIENTS:
- **one part Campari**
- **one part Martini Rosso**
- **two or three ice cubes**

Pour into a short glass, top with club soda, and serve.

CLOBBERED BY GOD

THAT TIME JIMI HENDRIX PUNCHED TELEVISION'S RICHARD LLOYD.

BY SUZIE BANKS

EVEN though their 1977 debut album *Marquee Moon* has been endlessly touted as one of the greatest rock albums of all time, most people don't know about the New York punk band Television. But hopefully we can change that a little bit.

The foursome came of age in the seventies CBGB era alongside Patti Smith, the Ramones, Dead Boys, Blondie, Iggy Pop, and all those other rock junkies who happened to pull it together long enough to make iconic albums.

Inspired by writers like Jim Carroll and William Burroughs, and the garbage dump that was NYC in the late seventies, the CBGB scene was a potent cocktail of artists, musicians, punks, and emaciated misfits who shared a common love of not giving a shit. Television climbed the social hierarchy to star status when Smith took a liking to the band during a residency the two acts shared at the downtown club (Smith would eventually shack up with the band's frontman, Tom Verlaine).

Verlaine took himself and the music very seriously, while bassist Richard Hell and lead guitarist Richard Lloyd were more interested in having a good time. Hell quit the band before *Marquee Moon* debuted, but Lloyd stuck around, and his style went on to influence bands like R.E.M., Echo and the Bunnymen, and Joy Division.

Long before Lloyd played onstage with Television, he was a baby-faced teenager roaming the streets of New York. And like most boys in the sixties who wanted to play guitar, Lloyd idolized Jimi Hendrix.

According to Lloyd, sometime in early 1968, he and his friends managed to pool together enough money to buy some hash. While they were waiting for the delivery at his friend's house, a 16-year-old Brooklynite named Velvert Turner showed up. Turner started talking about how he knew Jimi Hendrix, and while the other boys mocked him, Lloyd says he knew "to an absolute degree of certainty that [Turner] knew Jimi Hendrix."

As Lloyd tells it, Turner called the Warwick Hotel in Manhattan and asked for a name nobody recognized. He passed the receiver around so the others could hear it ringing, and when it got to Lloyd someone picked up. "'Hey man, what's up? Who is this?'" Lloyd said he heard, adding, "He must have been really asleep, 'cause it rang about 14 times."

Lloyd pretended to be Turner then quickly shoved the receiver into the kid's hands. When Turner got off the phone, he announced he was on the guest list for Hendrix's show that night, with a plus one. Turner invited Lloyd, the quiet kid, and the only one who hadn't mocked him.

For Lloyd, the show was life-changing.

"It was like looking into a nuclear furnace—otherworldly and everybody was freaking out," he said in an interview with the punk history website Please Kill Me. "It was the first time I ever saw a wave because the stage rotated. When Jimi was in front of your side, you stood up and everybody screamed and yelled and then when you couldn't see [the band] anymore you sat back down and there was a new group standing."

Turns out Turner knew Hendrix pretty well. Hendrix had been teaching him guitar, and Turner soon started sharing everything he'd learned with Lloyd. The two boys became best friends, toting around their Stratocasters to school and sneaking into any show they could.

In November the following year, Hendrix was playing a small club called Salvation in Greenwich Village—an intimate warm-up show to kick off a long tour, and an early birthday party for Hendrix, who was turning 26. To keep fans away, the band was billed as the Black Roman Orgy, but the sound system sucked and Hendrix left the stage, retreating to his table, where Lloyd had somehow scored a seat.

Over the course of the evening, Hendrix opened up to Lloyd, confessing how he felt stifled by fame, and was sick of performing on command. He wanted to explore new musical styles but "they" wouldn't let him. Awestruck, Lloyd gushed about how much Hendrix's music meant to him, and encouraged him to do what he wanted despite what anyone thought. Then out of nowhere, Hendrix reached out and punched him three times—twice in the face, once in the gut.

Shocked and humiliated, Lloyd slunk out of the booth and hid in the back of the club, until the cleaning guy asked him to leave. Outside in the parking lot, Lloyd ran into Hendrix,

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY NEALE COUSLAND

HENDRIX OPENED UP TO LLOYD, CONFESSING HOW HE FELT STIFLED BY FAME, AND WAS SICK OF PERFORMING ON COMMAND. HE WANTED TO EXPLORE NEW MUSICAL STYLES BUT "THEY" WOULDN'T LET HIM.

who was waiting in his Corvette.

"He called me over and asked for my hands," Lloyd remembers. "He apologized and began weeping on them." Lloyd stood motionless as his hands were soaked with Hendrix's tears. The rock star mumbled near-inaudible apologies, before finally rolling up his window and driving off.

When Lloyd told Turner what happened, he laughed. Hendrix hated compliments, he explained. He thought they were patronizing—basically an insult.

But those three punches didn't matter to Lloyd. "I didn't care that he hit me," he says, looking back. "He gave me something that I've carried to this day. It was a gift."

Suzie Banks is a writer and music nerd based in Raleigh, North Carolina. Her record collection spans two rooms and is in perfect alphabetical order.

SEXUAL EXTORTION

ASSESSING THE BEHAVIOR OF THOSE WHO CASH IN ON AFFAIRS.

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

WHAT should we think of a woman (or man) who engages in a voluntary sexual encounter with a married public figure and then threatens to expose the relationship unless she is paid for her silence? Several women are currently in the news for having been paid and then seeking to undo their nondisclosure agreements.

Let me be clear: I am not talking about victims of sexual harassment, sexual assault, or other predatory relationships. I'm talking about a purely consensual, mutually satisfying, short- or long-term relationship that one party threatens to expose unless paid. There's a legal term for such demands—it's called extortion, and it's punishable by double-digit years in prison.

In some respects, such extortion is comparable to revenge porn, which we rightly condemn and even prosecute. Imagine how we would react if a man demanded payment for not posting a video of a consensual sexual encounter with his former girlfriend? Yet the media, and many members of the public, have expressed sympathy for women who have made such extortionate demands on their former lovers.

Part of the reason for this sympathy is that some of these alleged affairs were with Donald Trump, and for some people, anything that will help "get Trump" is fair game. There have also been claims of pressure exerted by those who have paid. But other such extortion demands have been made against less controversial figures and without any counterpressure. Yet sympathy has been expressed for the female extortionists.

I am not here defending married men who have illicit affairs which they would rather not have exposed. That is between them and their spouses. Nor am I necessarily calling for the indictment, conviction, and imprisonment of all female extortionists who threaten exposure of their consensual affairs unless paid. What I am calling for is a moral reckoning.

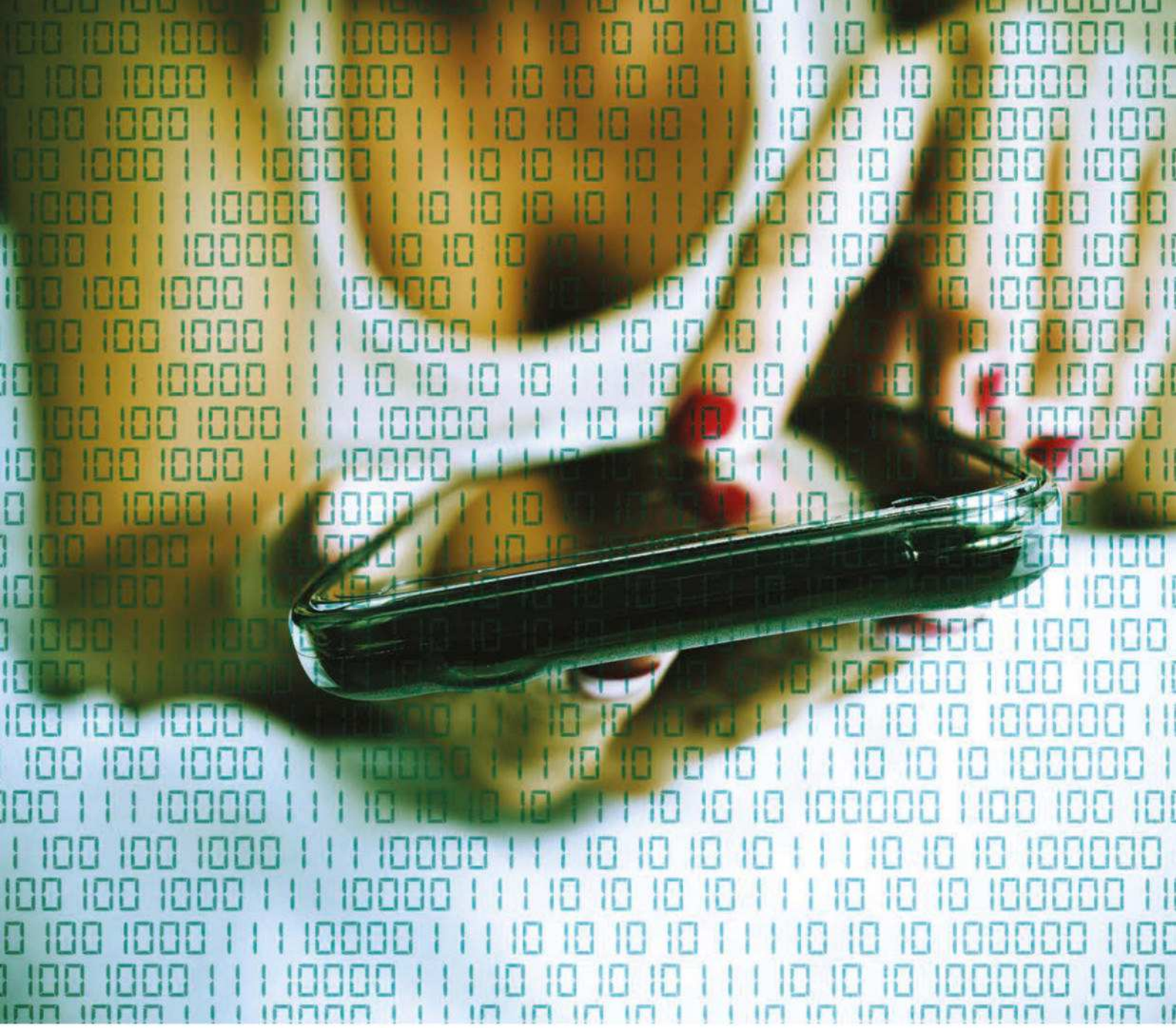
In the current age of #MeToo, it seems that women can do no wrong even if they are equal and fully consenting partners in illicit relationships. This seems to deny women agency over their own lives. Women have the right to decide with whom to have affairs. But if they do decide to have an affair with a married man, and the understanding is that the affair will remain confidential, basic decency would require that the woman not demand payment in exchange for her silence.

To be sure, a woman has the perfect right to kiss and tell. What she does not have the right to do is kiss, then demand money for not telling. In several of the current cases, not only have the women kissed, threatened to tell, and been paid money; they have then insisted on telling, keeping the money, and suing for even more money.

How should feminists—indeed everyone who cares about gender equality—regard these women? Surely it is not enough to *be* a woman to be deemed a *victim* of a consensual affair. What if the roles were reversed?

Imagine the case of a wealthy, powerful female public figure who has a consensual affair with a young man. If the young man were then to demand payment for his silence, would

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BY THIPJANG



IF WE CONTINUE TO REWARD SEXUAL EXTORTIONISTS OF EITHER GENDER, WE WILL ONLY ENCOURAGE THE MONETIZATION OF CONSENSUAL SEXUAL RELATIONS.

feminists express sympathy for him? What if he received payment for his silence and then decided to blow the whistle on the woman? Would feminists clamber to his side? Put another way, is this about gender or is it about agency and consent? If it's the latter, we ought to think hard about why so many members of the media and public are glorifying these kiss, cash-in, and tell women.

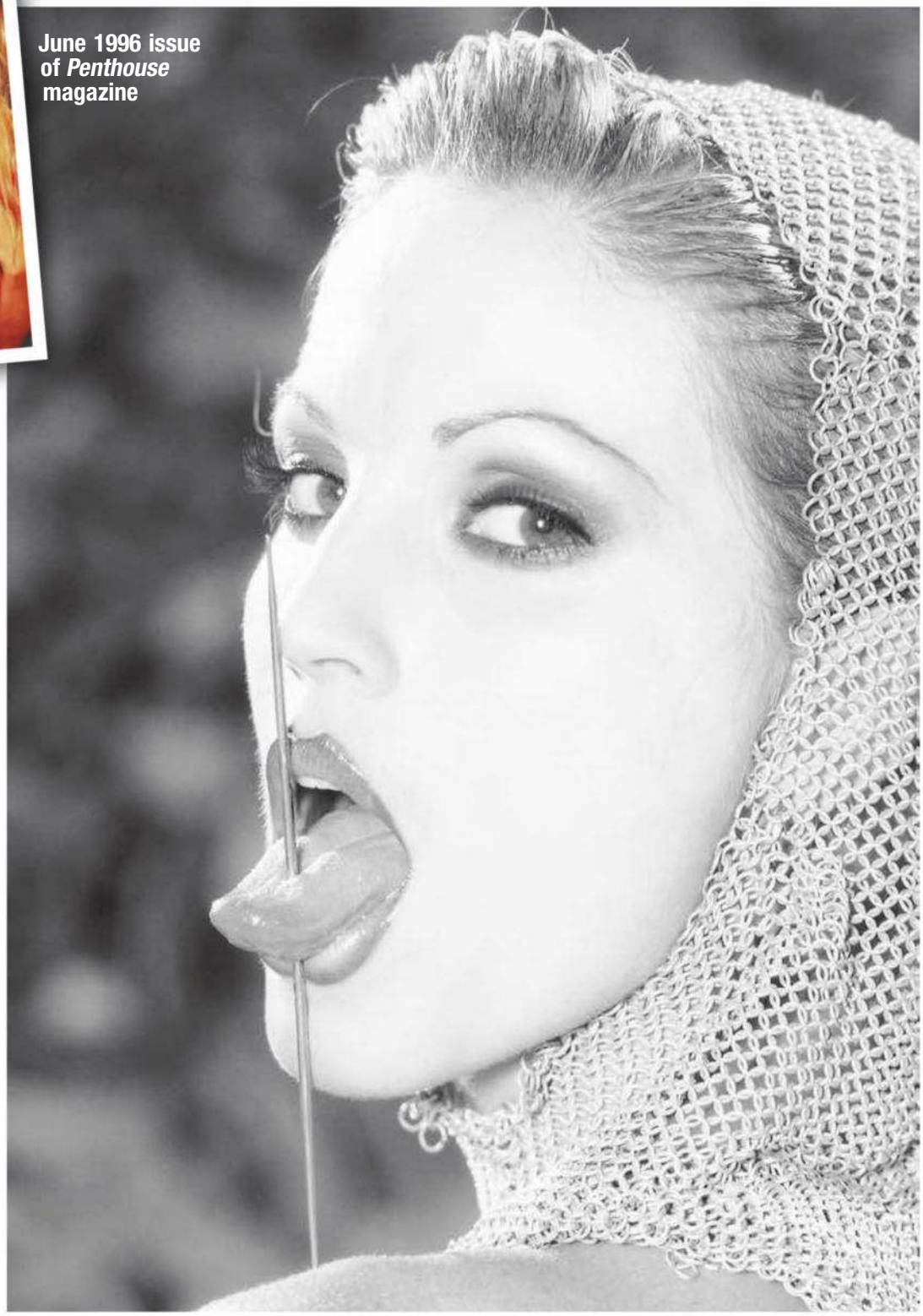
If we continue to reward sexual extortionists of either gender, we will only encourage the monetization of consensual sexual relations. Some might argue that this will have the beneficial effect of leveling the sexual playing field based on power and wealth. But that is not a proper function of either our legal system or of informal rules governing consensual sexual relationships.

The situation may become so dangerous for those engaging in voluntary sexual encounters, that presexual contracts may be required before someone engages in a voluntary sexual encounter. Some radical feminists argue that all sexual encounters should be governed by contracts requiring informed consent. Would they include consent to disclose the encounter? Sexual extortion is a variation on the revenge-porn blight, though with the genders generally switched. That doesn't make it any better.

So let's think hard about how we treat play-for-pay extortionists, because you may be the next victim—whether you're a man or a woman.

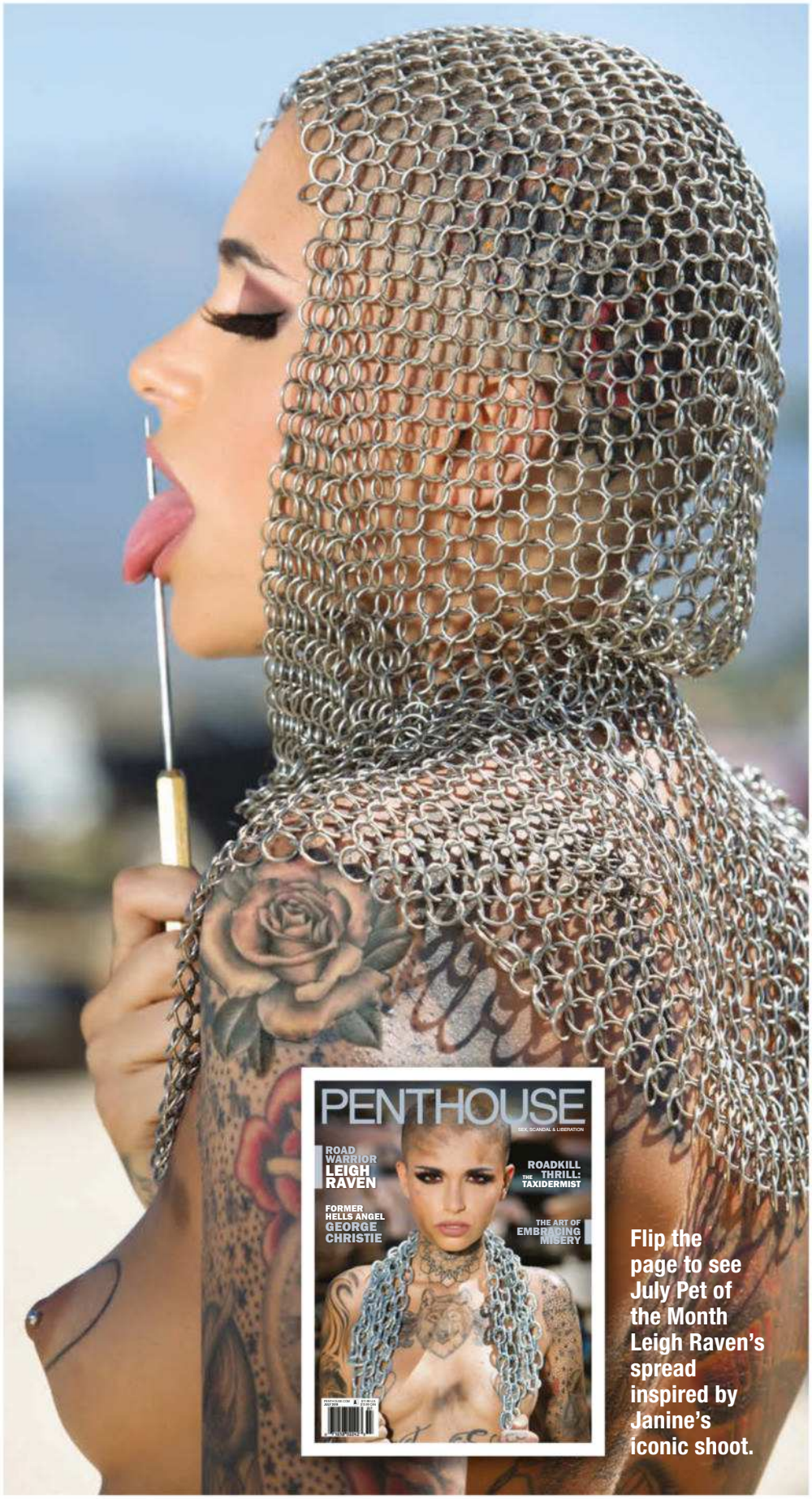
Alan M. Dershowitz is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of Trumped Up: How Criminalization of Political Differences Endangers Democracy. Follow him at @AlanDersh

June 1996 issue of *Penthouse* magazine



JUNKYARD JANINE

Before her scandalous sex tape with Mötley Crüe's Vince Neil, her televised marriage to motorcycle mogul Jesse James, and her four-month prison stint for unpaid taxes, legendary adult actress and model Janine Lindemulder was a fresh-faced twentysomething who got her lucky break when *Penthouse* named her Pet of the Month in December 1987. From then on, she manifested a salacious, successful career as one of the hottest adult stars in American history. Our favorite Janine shoot? Her June 1996 *Penthouse* spread by photographer Earl Miller. Junkyard, dirty knees, old cars, and a needle through her tongue. Yes, Janine!



Flip the page to see July Pet of the Month Leigh Raven's spread inspired by Janine's iconic shoot.

ROAD WARRIOR

Our July Pet of the Month Leigh Raven is living proof that you can't judge a book by its cover. Sure, she's a stunningly gorgeous human coloring book who looks like she spent her youth in the mosh pit at a Napalm Death concert. But Leigh is really just a big softie who wants to listen to Garth Brooks and take naps with her hairless Sphynx cats, Mr. Man and Moomie. And she's so photogenic it's scary. She didn't take one bad picture, even when she was contorted like a folded lawn chair over some dirty old tires with a hose spraying water all over her ass. Has anyone ever looked this good doing something so strange? Nope.

Photography: Ward Robinson

Free

Born
Free

EST 2001

SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true? Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

Share the love and spill all your secrets. Tell your story to Penthouse, and you may see your letter in these very pages.

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PENTHOUSE
LEIGH RAVEN
JULY 2018 PET OF THE MONTH

LEIGH RAVEN

Vital Stats:

32C-25-33

26 years old

5'8"

Hometown: Menifee, California

We heard your hairless cat, Mr. Man, really won the heart of Jeff Goldblum.

I was shooting for this photographer, Matt Barnes. He happened to also be taking photos of Jeff Goldblum, who wanted to see my cat. Jeff took some really amazing photos with Mr. Man. I can't wait to get a copy of them.

What's one thing you're always up for?

A nap.

What do you hate?

Hard drugs and hiking. I hate exercise. I eat Taco Bell. I love carbs.

Since this issue's theme is Punks and Outlaws, we have to ask: Are you a punk?

What's funny is that I'm the complete opposite of how I look. People see my tattoos and think I'm this tough bitch who's into punk. Nope. But my favorite band of all time is Silverstein. I hope they read this and it results in a gang bang.

What was the first tattoo you got?

It's a flower butterfly thing that I drew myself thinking I would be an "artist" one day. [*Laughs*] I was in Hawaii and my mom took me to get tattooed on my 17th birthday, because that's a tradition in our family.

Whoa. Really?

Yep! I remember it hurt really bad. The tattoo looks awful now, but I don't think I'll cover it up. When you have other good tattoos, you can get away with a few shitty ones. Nobody really notices.

There are other things on your body to notice besides a crappy butterfly. Speaking of which, congratulations on being our first fully tattooed Penthouse Pet. Are you happy or what?

Yes! I'm so happy. I never even thought of reaching out to *Penthouse,* because I figured there was no way I would be considered because of my look. My modeling aspirations have changed so much since I started eight years ago. I've always wanted to be on the cover of a magazine my mom can see while walking through an airport. Being a Penthouse Pet is very special to me.

We had a blast on set. Were you excited to recreate such an iconic shoot with such an iconic Pet like Janine Lindemulder?

The whole day was amazing! I loved how dirty and grimy it was. I'm basically a child at heart, so playing in the mud was awesome. [Photographer] Ward Robinson was so great to work with. I felt like I couldn't do a bad pose. It was the perfect day. Plus, my wife is obsessed with Janine. She lost her shit when I told her about the shoot.

We're glad we could provide some material to make your marriage both happy and horny. 🗝

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PENTHOUSE

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WHORE WARS

NEVADA'S LEGENDARY BROTHEL OWNER DENNIS HOF IS RUNNING FOR POLITICAL OFFICE, AND IT'S STIRRING UP ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE. COULD HE LOSE IT ALL?

BY MITCHELL SUNDERLAND

INSIDE the tiny chapel of Nevada's Patch of Heaven Christian retreat camp, 100 miles northwest of Las Vegas, cowboy-hat-wearing locals are meeting political hopefuls. A crusty law and order Republican running for local sheriff pulls a copy of the Constitution out of his pants pocket and holds it high. A guy running for governor as an independent tells the assemblage that God has told him to run for office.

The gubernatorial candidate is Ryan Bundy, and he's the son of Cliven, the Nevada rancher who got in an armed standoff with the government in 2014, and the brother of Ammon, who got in a similar standoff in an Oregon wildlife refuge in 2016.

At issue both times was land management policy. Cliven Bundy became an anti-government hero to many, and was even embraced by Sean Hannity of Fox News until Bundy made comments so racist Hannity himself disavowed them.

The evening proceeds much as you'd expect, in terms of flavor, until Patch of Heaven founder and pastor Victor Fuentes invites America's most notorious pimp onto the stage and warmly embraces him. The pimp is Dennis Hof, ever-smiling owner of seven Nevada brothels, including the Moonlite Bunny Ranch, best known as the bustling sex palace featured in the HBO reality-TV series *Cathouse*.

In Hof, the HBO cameras captured a lovable rogue, a freethinker with a twinkle in his baby blues, a savvy businessman, a charismatic father figure, and a horny, fun-loving, middle-aged dude living the dream—if your dream is to be around bounteous breasts and amazing asses morning, noon, and night.

But what's he doing in an evangelical Christian chapel, part of the Ministerio Roca Solida Igelsia Cristiana church? And why is the pastor hugging him?

"Thank you lord Jesus," Fuentes prays. "I ask you for Dennis [and Bundy, and others], I ask you to guide them and give them wisdom and understanding."

"Amen!" holler ranchers, grandmothers, and their neighbors at this public event. Hof, you see, has set his sights on the District 36 Assembly race in this very red swath of Nevada. Pastor Fuentes hopes those present will vote for him.

Later, as voters exit into the desert night, Hof stays in campaign mode, shaking hands, chatting with these conservative Nevadans. Standing with him is an entourage of three: his portly gay millennial assistant, Zachary Hames, a hooker named Paris Envy, and a slender platinum blonde in a white and gold leather trench coat with a face so pale it looks ghostly. She gazes toward the star-flecked sky, sniffs the manure-scented air of the Amargosa Valley, and doesn't seem quite sure of where she is. Hof informs a voter that she's newly arrived in Nye County from Cleveland, Ohio. Her name is Jessica Johnson, and she was a contestant on the Food Network reality show *Chopped*. She got chopped, so she's joining the Bunny Ranch to capitalize on her notoriety.

"We're doing a Cookin' and Hookin' cookbook!" Hof announces.

When an elderly woman walks past, Hof transitions from promotion-minded pimp to grassroots politician. He encourages the woman to vote, and hopes he might get her support. She thanks him for coming to Patch of Heaven on this April evening.

As for me, I've driven from Los Angeles to Nye County to cover its 2018 election season—and to watch Hof, a Trump admirer, attempt to execute a small-scale Trump-style campaign, parlaying his people skills, reality-TV celebrity, business success, and playboy alpha-male personality into a vote-gathering politician.

"Never thought I'd see Christians praying for you," I say to him. I've known Hof for almost five years now, having first met him in a journalistic context.

He winks—a trademark response. Of course, not every local Christian leader is in the pimp's corner. When Hof mentions a certain preacher who's advocating for a brothel ban, Hames jumps in with a story, alleging that he ran into a younger male relative of the preacher at a drag show. As Hames tells it, the preacher's kin yelled at one point, "I want to tongue-punch a drag queen's fart box!"

Hames laughs. "We should tweet that," says Hof with a grin, seeing a way to throw a little shade in the direction of the anti-Hof clergyman. For a moment he joins new arrival Johnson in looking at the stars. Then, reflecting on his situation in the Silver State, a place Hof has called home for more than 30 years, he says, "One minister is trying to put me out of business, another has his arm around me, praying I get elected. Only in Nevada!"

■■■

THE thing is, Dennis Hof isn't just fighting a preacher or two these days. After a quarter-century as a brothel owner, and a lengthy run as America's most visible purveyor of legal prostitution, Phoenix-born Hof, 71, is facing opponents on multiple fronts. The idea of banning brothels is getting a push from an array of social conservatives, by certain officials in the counties where Hof does business, by a new antiprostitution nonprofit called No Little Girl, and even by some ex-employees, former working girls who now argue sex work is exploitative and wicked.

On top of this, for the past year or so, Hof has been cited

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF DENNIS HOF

Dennis Hof speaks to Christian supporters at the Patch of Heaven campground's chapels.

and fined for workplace code violations—a development he ties to his electoral ambition, which he says is threatening the Republican powers that be in his part of the state. Never one to take shit laying down, he's filed lawsuits against Nye County commissioners. So, given the trouble it's stirring up, why enter the political arena, especially when he's been living out that heterosexual male fantasy, waking every morning with a blonde at his side and a gun and two dildos on his nightstand, with plenty of money for the finest cars? Well, blame Tucker Carlson.

Okay, it's not that cut-and-dried, but the knit-browed Fox News host did play a role in Hof's turn to politics. In June 2015, Hof woke up not with a raging hard-on but with a swelling sensation of rage. His local assemblyman, Republican James Oscarson, helped pass a $1.4 billion tax bill that included a commerce tax levying extra fees on businesses earning $4 million or more. In other words, Hof was going to have to send more of his hard-earned money to weasely bureaucrats in Carson City. Pissed off, he called his friend Carlson to vent. After listening to Hof rant, the cable host told him, "There's only one thing you can do."

"What?"

"Dennis, run for office."

"No."

"Then you have no right to complain."

Carlson's comment lingered in Hof's mind. Nearly a year later, Hof says he met with several Nevada Republicans. They had already chosen to primary Oscarson with ultraconservative Tina Trenner, a retired television producer, but encouraged Dennis to run as a libertarian if Oscarson won. According to right-wing Nevada radio host Alan Stock, it was part of a broad Republican effort to vote out party members who had supported the commerce bill. Encouraged by the fact that the incumbent Oscarson defeated Trenner by only 133 votes, Hof threw his hat into the ring on Labor Day 2016. He didn't win, but earned 39 percent of the vote after just a two-month campaign—a rarity for a candidate running on a third-party ticket.

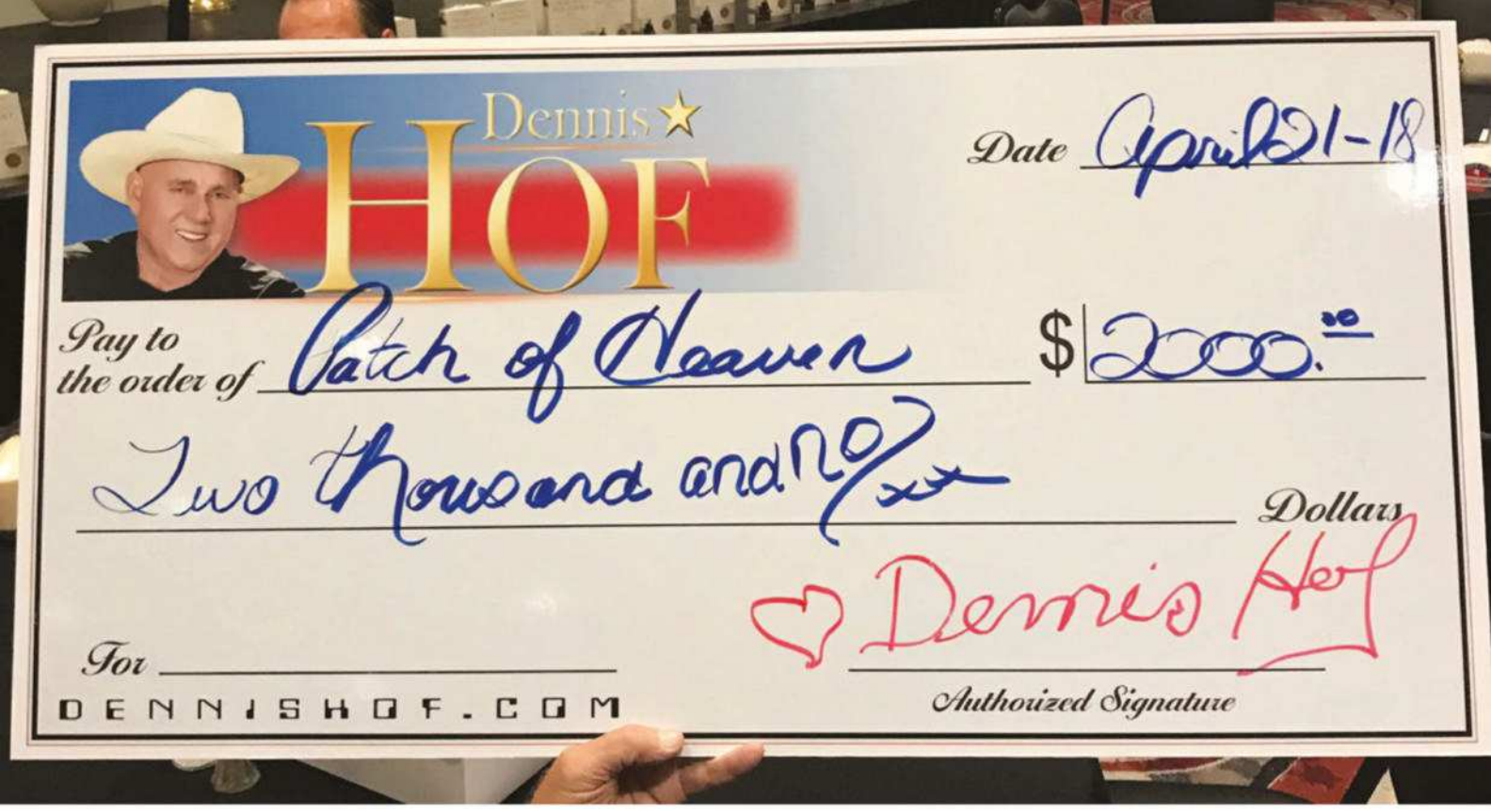
Throughout late 2016 and early 2017, Hof looked toward the 2018 election. A Ron Paul supporter in the 2008 and 2012 presidential races, Hof had officially joined the Libertarian Party in 2015. But in December of 2016, buoyed by Trump's victory and realizing the challenges of running for office as a Libertarian, not to mention getting stuff done if elected, he reregistered as a Republican. A few months later, Nye County authorities started finding code violations at Hof's brothels, the timing of which he finds extremely suspicious. On July 29, 2017, he emailed commissioners Butch Borasky and Daniel Schinhofen: "Thank you for helping me make my final decision to run for office. I will get you all the proper collateral materials to give to all your friends in the Republican Party to support me like a good Republican."

The message ended with a photo of a billboard that read, "VOTE HOF." He was officially launching his campaign to steal the nomination from Oscarson in the June 2018 primary.

■■■

AT a meeting of Nye County commissioners last November, Borasky said, "If I should disappear, [get] hit in the head with a brick, get run off the road or any other function to take my life away from me, then I would ask that they talk to Mr. Dennis Hof." (When asked by *Penthouse* to elaborate, Borasky declined comment.)

Then on January 5, Hof sued Commissioner Borasky for defamation. The following month, he filed an additional First



"IF I SHOULD DISAPPEAR," SAID BUTCH BORASKY, "[GET] HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A BRICK, GET RUN OFF THE ROAD OR ANY OTHER FUNCTION TO TAKE MY LIFE AWAY FROM ME, THEN I WOULD ASK THAT THEY TALK TO MR. DENNIS HOF."

Amendment lawsuit against Schinhofen, for forcing him to remove a roadway sign that said "Lovers at Play" and included an illustration of a stick-figure couple engaged in the act.

Boom—on March 7, Nye County officials and the state fire marshal visited Hof's Love Ranch South brothel. They announced 33 code violations, upheld a suspension of the brothel's license, and told Hof that to be in compliance he'd have to hire an architect or engineer, submit plans, get approval, pay fees, and hire a contractor to remedy what they deemed improper modifications to multiple buildings on the property.

"All they're doing is moving the goalpost again," Hof told the *Las Vegas Sun*. "Any dirty thing they can do in the corrupt county of Nye." Schinhofen says the timing was coincidental, and claims Hof's previous citations were just not grievous enough to provoke a suspension.

The Love Ranch license was reinstated on March 16, but problems have worsened. That month, in a commissioners' meeting in the county, Nye, where Hof owns three brothels, Commissioner Lorinda Wichman wondered aloud if taxpayers benefited from the brothels. As she later told the *Las Vegas Sun,* "Staff is looking into what it is costing the taxpayer to have legalized prostitution [in Nye]. I asked them to compare what it is costing us to what we receive. My curiosity is to whether or not taxpayers of Nye County are subsidizing the brothel industry."

A few weeks later, residents of Lyon County filed a petition to add a brothel ban to the November ballot. They need roughly 3,300 signatures. Hof owns four brothels in Lyon, a western Nevada county east of Reno. Not long after, Nye County residents submitted their own petition. Wichman and Schinhofen both deny connections to the petitions or political motivations behind their scuffles with Hof.

Says Commissioner Schinhofen: "I am the only one who knows if this was politically motivated, so here it is: My motivation during all of this has been to uphold the rule of law."

■■■

IN the midst of all these legal skirmishes, Hof has seen evangelicals, hookers, conspiracy theorists, and libertarians come together to support him—in part through the good offices of the Patch of Heaven Christian camp retreat.

Cuban immigrant Victor Fuentes and his wife Annette bought the 40-acre property, which sits inside a federal wildlife refuge, in 2006. They had worked in casinos for years, saving to buy land where they could baptize followers in a river, just like Jesus did in the Jordan. Patch of Heaven had it all: flowing water, trees, and a complex of cabins and bunkhouses with room to build. Annette decorated the interiors with crucifixes, saddles, and "God Bless Cowgirls" signs, making the rooms look like western movie sets.

All was well until 2010, when U.S. Fish and Wildlife, determined to protect the endangered Ash Meadows minnow, a species which exists nowhere else, built a river diversion channel which rerouted water away from the Patch of Heaven acreage. The government bureau did not consult with FEMA or the Army Corps of Engineers to get their views on how such a diversion might affect surrounding land in terms of water access and flood potential.

After a six-year battle with Victor and his church, U.S. Fish and Wildlife agreed to install a pipe directing some water onto their property, but the pipe is small and lawyers for the couple claim the water volume is just one percent of what originally flowed

Victor and his wife have a lawsuit underway asking for monetary restitution and restoration of the water's original flow. And their fight against the federal government has attracted the support of

the Bundy family and other conservatives in rural Nevada. (When asked for comment, U.S. Fish and Wildlife directed *Penthouse* to the Justice Department, which did not respond to questions.)

"[The Fuentes] had water before Fish and Wildlife diverted [it]," state senator Pete Goicoechea points out. "The fact that [water was made] available to the pipe satisfies the duties for the water, but it does not satisfy where the point of diversion occurs. They did move their point of diversion. That's illegal."

Victor and Annette wanted Oscarson, their state representative, to visit the property, but he refused. Victor, though, does not give up easily—he's someone who swam to Guantanamo Bay to escape Castro's Cuba. He spent weeks researching legal rights and studying historical property documents. At night, he says, "We prayed for Dennis and Heidi Fleiss for a long time." Fleiss, now 52, ran an L.A. prostitution ring in the early nineties before getting busted, earning the nickname "Hollywood Madam." She and Hof were the most famous residents in Nye County, and the Fuentes knew the famous were as powerful as politicians.

Last year, Tina Trenner answered their prayers, driving Hof to see the property. Wearing her trademark hoop earrings, Annette served the brothel owner carnitas and rice and beans. As he ate, Hof eyeballed photos of Patch of Heaven in 2006. The images showed a spring-fed river flowing through a landscape of grass and leafy trees—an oasis in the desert. According to Victor's research, the area looked this way long before the Fuentes family, or even Las Vegas's casino resorts, arrived in Nevada. He showed Hof a Nevada State Land Office map. It depicted the river running through the area since 1881.

Shocked, Hof followed Victor to the back of the ranch. Where a river once ran, Hof found a long, deep dusty gully. Despite his bad knee, he climbed down into it and walked on the barren, hard ground. The government-installed pipe delivers little more than a glorified puddle.

Standing in the cut, Hof said, "We've got to do something." Since that day he's made this story an example of how the government can screw over citizens. He hasn't fixed the Fuentes's problem, but they have seen increased media attention. Oscarson has since claimed he helped Victor and his wife, but Victor says, "[He] did not even get us that puddle. He's lying."

Hof's assistant, Zach Hames, asserts that Oscarson's campaign manager, Laura Billman, has grown agitated with the Fuentes's comments. Recently, he says, Billman had a military veteran call local citizens to counteract their claims.

"James [Oscarson] helped me," the veteran allegedly told one woman who got such a call. She countered by saying he hadn't helped some friends of hers, despite what he said. At this point, Hames alleges, Billman snatched the phone out of the vet's hand and barked, "Are you talking about the damn Fuentes?" The woman said yes, calling Victor and Annette good friends. "That's a lie," Billman snapped. "He helped them!"

When asked for comment, Laura Billman did not deny the exchange. "Sounds like they have a lot of stories," she texted me. "Print that quote. I see no point in getting into a 'he said, she said.'" The Oscarson campaign declined further comment.

■■■

JAMES Oscarson has attempted to latch onto Hof's past, creating a website called StopHof. It points to Hof's Democratic ties, like his 2016 "Hookers for Hillary" press stunt and donations he made to Democratic Nevada senator Harry Reid. Oscarson's campaign has also made a fuss about Hof helping a girl auction her virginity in 2009 to pay off student loans.

Unlike how most politicians would handle the accusation, Hof hasn't denied it. The Love Ranch continues to hawk his 2015 memoir, *The Art of the Pimp,* which includes a whole chapter on the virgin auction. For his part, Hof has purchased billboards reminding voters that Oscarson was once arrested after assaulting someone at a hockey game.

Hof's embrace of his past and his presentation of Oscarson as a hypocrite seem to be working. "People who criticize the brothels are spiritually dead," Pastor Fuentes says. "As a human we cannot eliminate sin. If a politician comes to you and says he's going to eliminate sin, he's lying to you." The Patch of Heaven founder goes on to quote Scripture: "The Bible says in Roman 3:23, 'We are all sinners and feel short of glory of God.' *All.* You cannot single out Dennis Hof. We are all sinners."

Adds Annette: "[People] are so concerned with brothels and how bad they are, what about the casinos and the bars? How many lives have gambling and alcohol ruined? Many more than brothels."

"They come through [Patch of Heaven]!" says Victor, referring to people whose addictions have dragged them down and who hope for renewal through faith.

"Gambling addicts' lives are ruined," his wife observes. "We haven't had someone come here from a brothel."

"ON SOCIAL ISSUES, DON'T FUCK WITH ME. I DON'T CARE WHO SUCKS WHOSE DICK. DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT ABORTION. I DON'T HAVE A PUSSY, SO I CAN'T MAKE CHOICES FOR ONE."

■■■

HOF'S political aspirations have transformed the Love Ranch into a de facto campaign headquarters. Employees wear "VOTE HOF" hats. Customers discuss the commerce tax with prostitutes at the bar. Beneath a framed *Penthouse* cover at the brothel's entrance, Madame Sonja has placed a stack of "VOTE HOF" pamphlets.

His three top campaign issues are repealing the commerce tax, protecting private landowners' water rights, and preserving the Second Amendment.

Hof identifies as a "conservatarian," taking a libertarian stance on hot-button cultural issues like gay marriage and abortion rights. "On social issues," he says, "don't fuck with me. I don't care who sucks whose dick. Don't talk to me about abortion. I don't have a pussy, so I can't make choices for one."

But his pamphlet also lists controversial conservative platforms, like an anti-immigration position that no doubt pleases his friend Tucker Carlson. Just two years earlier, as I had dinner with Hof and porn star Ron Jeremy, the brothel owner had predicted that Trump's stance toward Mexico and the wall would lose him the election. He felt that Trump would alienate America's millions of Latino voters—a big no-no to a businessman like Hof, who claims he "stayed in the closet" as a Republican for decades because he believed you should never discuss religion or politics.

These days, though, Hof explains that he has attracted anti-immigration activists into his base, which is fine, because he doesn't like the way sanctuary city policies oppose the law of the land. At the same time, he isn't that personally invested in the immigration issue. "Why do you embrace anti-immigration activists then?" I ask him. He looks at me like I'm stupid. "[Because] they like me!"

To a cynic, the pimp is boiling American politics down to its

basest form. To local voters, Hof comes across as honest in a district that often makes national news because of political corruption. In 2010, district attorney Robert Beckett refused to file charges against himself for misusing Pahrump city funds, then targeted Sheriff Tony DeMeo, Beckett's original accuser. More notoriously, an arsonist burned down the Chicken Ranch brothel after owner Walter Plankinton announced his run for Nye County commissioner in 1976. The fiasco inspired *Nye County Brothel Wars,* a book the Bunny Ranch's Madam Suzette has been encouraging Hof to read. The Cassandra in his world, Suzette, sensing doom, has opposed Hof's political run. "Be careful," she warned him, according to both Hof and Hames.

Meanwhile, the gregarious, endlessly confident Hof has been treating voters like new friends. After the Patch of Heaven event, an older woman and a few Republican men gather at the Love Ranch's bar. As Madame Dawn hands out plates of spaghetti, pizza, and ice cream, Hof yells, "Who wants pasta?"

Johnson, the *Chopped* star, skips around the tables, shaking shredded cheese onto guests' free food. "You've got to have the sprinkle cheese," she says in between giggles.

Sitting beneath a painting of a lava lamp, Hof asks the voters to listen. Sounding more like an avuncular, scene-setting Walt Disney on the fifties television show *Walt Disney Presents* than the flamboyant pimp of HBO's *Cathouse,* he shares some historical background. "[Nevada] started with miners in Virginia City," he says. "Then the girls came. Nevadans are the product of the miners and the working girls. Tough as nails, gun-carrying. I don't fuck with you–you don't fuck with me."

"What [Hof] doesn't tell everyone is he gets up at three in the fucking morning and thinks about [this kind of] speech all day," Hames whispers to me.

The conversation shifts to recent events. Two days before my arrival in Nye County, the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* ran a story revealing sexual harassment allegations against Hof by two former working girls. In 2009, Diana Grandmaison and her daughter started at a Hof brothel. The mother/daughter pair had done porn in California, and were hoping to make quick money to fund a return to Florida. One day, Grandmaison alleges Hof grabbed her vagina at the bar.

"I tried to push him away from me," she tells me later, "and he pulled me forward and he had his fingers in my vagina, and I could not leave. I had no choice but to stay there. I knew, when I tried to fight him, I would pay a price. You would lose your room; they would take your clients." Since she quit working for Hof, Grandmaison has operated a blog asserting that "all porn is revenge porn." And multiple times during our interview, she accuses me of participating in sex trafficking by writing for *Penthouse*. "You're all enablers," she states.

The second accuser, Jennifer O'Kane, tells a more brutal story. On her first day of work at the Love Ranch in 2011, she says a female employee ordered her to go to her room. "When I went to the room," O'Kane relates, "and Dennis was there, he asked me to sit next to him. At that point, he put his hands around my neck and squeezed. 'You belong to me,' he said. 'That vagina is mine.'"

O'Kane goes on to allege that Hof kept squeezing and told her to get undressed. "I was in shock," she says. "I did what I was told. I started crying. I told him I didn't want to."

She accuses Hof of raping her. She worked for him for six months, she says, enough time to save money to go out on her own. In June 2011, she quit the Love Ranch and later ran the Calico Club brothel as its madame. It has since closed.

Though O'Kane regularly uses Oscarson's hashtag #StopHof on Twitter, she denies coming forward because of the election. "I'm not getting involved in the politics of this," she says. "He doesn't belong in politics as much as he doesn't belong in brothels."

Her story does not seem to be scaring away voters from the Love Ranch. Nor does it seem to concern Hof much, who claims his accusers are disgruntled ex-employees. In between injecting insulin into his belly at the bar, Hof, a diabetic, says, "[They're] girls I wouldn't have fucked out of bed. Girls that were fired."

Dennis Hof poses with supporters.

THE next morning, Jessica Johnson walks back and forth across a gravel road outside the Love Ranch, holding her cellphone in the air. She's trying to find service, but her carrier lacks cell towers in the desert. She tells me that her brother, who's watching her house back in Cleveland, doesn't know where she is.

"I just told my brother I was going to Vegas," Johnson says. She worries he'll think she might have met a bad end and been buried in a hole in the desert.

Johnson gives up and retreats to the Love Ranch kitchen to drink coffee, dressed in her white and gold leather trench coat. The space reminds me of an elementary school kitchen: stainless steel counters, with a heavy scent of meatballs. It's a calm, pleasant morning until Bea, the Love Ranch chef, stomps into the room.

A local news anchor has just reported that No Little Girl, the anti-prostitution group, is promoting the brothel-ban petitions in Nye and Lyon counties. If they gain enough signatures, residents will be able to vote for an official ban on the November ballot. Like many Pahrump city residents, Bea, a German immigrant, came for the heat. Without the Love Ranch, she would be out of a job. And of course this could mess with Jessica Johnson's dreams. "I just want to tell them to fuck off," she says.

Johnson tells Bea that she once owned a restaurant in Cleveland called Weenie A Go Go, where other "really pretty girls" wore vintage dresses and served hot dogs. Football fans would eat there after the Browns game. The food and girls attracted attention in all the local papers and blogs. Johnson garnered so much attention in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* residents accused her of buying coverage.

But last year, when her landlord doubled Weenie A Go Go's rent to $4,000, Johnson shut down and went on *Chopped*. After she lost, she became an Uber driver to make rent on her apartment. Passengers recognized her, asking why you was driving for Uber. "I didn't know," she tells Bea, "that people look down on drivers."

After another day behind the wheel, Johnson googled, "How can I get my restaurant back?" Prostitution, she says, popped up as a money-earning option.

"Everyone in Cleveland called me the Weenie Queen," she jokes, "so why not? With a title like that, you've got to follow your weenie dreams. Uber drivers get as much shit as hookers. Might as well make more!" Johnson emailed the Bunny Ranch, went back and forth with Madame Suzette, sent her numerous photos, and eventually got on the phone with Dennis Hof himself. She recalls telling him, "I feel like I'm destined to do so much more than be an Uber driver." Successful at getting hired, Johnson says, "I didn't expect I'd be wearing a Vote Hof hat."

"I don't want Dennis to win," I tell her. "He has a nice life, and he's getting older." Johnson shakes her head, saying she wants Hof to get the nomination and triumph in November. Then she adds, "I love the freedom stuff out here. I feel it in my heart."

Johnson is new to Nevada, but her story sums up why women work in brothels and how Hof is appealing to voters. She came to the Silver State because she was hopeless and brothels gave her help. Without legal prostitution in today's America, she'd be back in her car depending on the Uber app.

WHEN SHE MET DENNIS HOF, HEIDI FLEISS TOLD HIM, "YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A PIMP. YOU WANT TO BE FAMOUS. SELL ALL THIS. RUN FOR OFFICE."

HOF has received advice from people like Nevada's chairman at the Republican National Convention, Michael McDonald, who worked on the Trump campaign, but also from nontraditional observers like Heidi Fleiss. When she met Hof shortly after she left prison at the dawn of the new millennium, Fleiss told him, "You don't want to be a pimp. You want to be famous. Sell all this. Run for office."

And now, in 2018, that's what Dennis Hof is doing. But in chasing the political dream, it appears that he might also be putting his brothel empire on the line.

To aid Hof's campaign, Fleiss has analyzed why Democrat Conor Lamb won a March special election in Pennsylvania's conservative 18th Congressional District. Her conclusion: Lamb's grassroots efforts. She's since canvassed at the county fair and gone door-to-door, convincing independents to reregister as Republicans. She's been so successful, Republicans have begun calling her "the switcher."

"The tree hugger in me can get the people," Fleiss explains.

Hof has taken her advice, crisscrossing sprawling District 16, which encompasses counties Nye, Lincoln, and part of Clark, in his Hummer H2. VOTE HOF signs are plastered on its black doors. Most days, he is driven by Hames, who has become his unofficial campaign manager. "I love having a gay assistant run my campaign," says Hof. When he doesn't elaborate, Hames says, "I'm shady as fuck!"

During the weekend I'm in Nye County, I accompany Hames in the H2 on his morning rounds. He wears a cowboy hat and Versace sunglasses. While speeding 80 miles an hour down a gravel road called Devil's Hole, Hames texts Republican operative Roger Stone, Trump's longtime political advisor. He wants Stone to Skype into an upcoming rally since he'd had to cancel an in-person appearance.

Hames's phone rings and he picks up. "Pahrump sperm bank," he says. "You spank it, we bank it." It's how he answers the many calls he's getting this morning, most of them from women assisting Hof's campaign. Some officially work for the brothel owner; other callers are local gossips with intelligence tidbits.

We stop at a VFW diner to pick up Tina Trenner, the retired TV producer who ran against Oscarson in the 2016 Republican primary, now supporting the maverick Hof. An aging Roseanne Barr look-alike with red hair, Trenner limps toward the black Hummer.

"Hillary won [Nevada] because of the illegal vote," she tells me moments later.

Hames sighs. "You shut up with your tinfoil hat."

"Yes, I have a tinfoil hat!"

Through the H2 window, she points at airplane vapor trails in the sky.

"Do you see those? What are those?" she asks. I hesitate. I do not have patience for conspiracy theories, so I stay silent. But when Trenner asks again about the familiar white cloud lines above, I mutter, "Some call them chemtrails."

Hames finds it equally ridiculous, but he's of a mind to banter with Trenner. "Some say chemtrails is how the government makes people gay," he jokes.

"I don't believe that," Trenner responds.

"How do you know I'm gay?"

"Because you're always on Grindr!"

Hames laughs. They're from very different demographics, but a shared liking for sarcasm, and, more importantly, their affinity for Hof, has brought them together. "They're spraying on me like Raid!" Trenner says of the condensation trails. She pesters Hames until he pulls over at Seymour's, an ice-cream shop whose building is shaped like a giant ice-cream cone.

Ordering me a frozen strawberry yogurt, Trenner assures me that yogurt counteracts the "chemicals" in chemtrails. She cackles. For all her ridiculous views, Trenner possesses a self-aware sense of humor. I can see why a young gay man like Hames enjoys the older woman's wit.

Trenner never imagined she would end up discussing Grindr with a gay millennial in a pimp's Hummer. Growing up in "Commiefornia," she rode horses and campaigned for animal activists. She aspired to the high life, eventually moving to Las Vegas, where she worked as a television broadcaster and dined with real estate heiresses on the charity scene. It all imploded in the mid-1990s when she was hit by a semi-truck. "Don't hug a semi," she counsels.

Along with the accident, her husband suffered from multiple strokes, becoming a different person in the process. She says something about doctors finding "holes in his brain" before he passed away. Her career started to rebound in the mid-aughts, but then the 2008 recession happened.

I ask her why she believes in conspiracies, and she looks at me like I haven't been listening to her monologue about her unintentionally tragic life.

"Everything is a conspiracy," she says.

...

ON Saturday evening at the Love Ranch, Christina Parreira, a sociology PhD student at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, is sitting at the bar with Bea. They're discussing No Little Girl as if it itself was a conspiracy, wondering if it has ties to the Oscarson campaign. For the past five years, Parreira has studied Hof's brothels. She has also worked there off and on to get personal experience for her dissertation. She has interviewed 53 women from five brothels and finds No Little Girl's goals naive.

"Unfortunately, if the brothels were to close, it's not like all the women are going to say, 'Oh, let me switch what I do.' They are going to be at risk for violence and incarceration and disease," she says in the bar. "Without question, brothels are safer because it's actually legal. You're in a legal setting, so you can call the cops."

No Little Girl is well-intentioned and claims to have no affiliation with Oscarson. After being sex-trafficked herself, the organization's spokeswoman, Kimberly Mull, has worked as an advocate for women. "I have received several e-mails on No Little Girl from women currently working in the brothels saying they are upset with what we are doing because working in the brothels is how they 'left an abusive husband,'" Mull says in a statement. "As a community, we should have better options and assistance available to them over 'go sell yourself.'"

To the northwest in Lyon County, this kind of comment enrages Alice Little.

A Bunny Ranch working girl who looks like a child but speaks in the discourse of a liberal arts graduate, Little takes pride in her status as North America's highest-earning legal prostitute. She lives in the Bunny Ranch's luxury suite, with a window overlooking a horse corral where she keeps a pet pony—something she likely couldn't afford if she wasn't a prostitute.

"The fact is, no little girl wants to work at Walmart with a dead-end job and no promotions," Little points out. "If you're changing certain ordinances to cause a business to be banned, what's to stop local folks from shutting down any business? *Oh, we're not comfortable with a women's health clinic. Let's ban Planned Parenthood!* When do you say, 'Enough is enough'?"

Little has offered to host a coffee for No Little Girl members at the Bunny Ranch, but says the organization responded by proposing she meet with Mull, a victims' advocate. "One of those most bizarre aspects in their campaign," says Little, "is that we are victims, that we are all forced to be there."

Mull claims, as someone who was sex-trafficked herself, that she is best suited to speak to the working girls. And she refuses to come to the Bunny Ranch because she would find it triggering. "Hof is the biggest exploiter of women in the state and he likes the spotlight," Mull writes in her statement.

Considering Mull has not visited the Bunny Ranch, Little rejects Mull's depictions of her and her coworkers. "I've never slept with Dennis," Little says, laughing. "We are talking about Dennis Hof, who is a teddy bear of a 71-year-old man. Is he really going to coerce or force? I don't physically see that being possible." The well-compensated working girl adds, "The biggest threat to my unhappiness is No Little Girl. It's incredibly misogynistic and antagonistic."

"TUCKER CARLSON AND ROGER STONE CALL ME THE TRUMP OF PAHRUMP," DENNIS HOF SAYS. "WE ARE REALITY STARS. WE EAT TOO MUCH."

...

"YOU need help with coconuts?" That's what Hames yells into his cellphone in a large conference room in the Pahrump Nugget Hotel & Gambling Hall. "We're sending someone!" He points at me, where I sit beneath a faux chandelier that looks like something pulled from Disney World's Hall of Presidents.

"Who needs help?" I ask.

"Heidi Fleiss."

As I exit the room into a hotel hallway crowded with men in cowboy hats and gray-haired women, I spot Fleiss storming my way in stiletto heels.

Huffing and puffing, she carries a box of coconuts. "Everyone gets a gift for showing up," she explains, referring to the political rally that's about to kick off.

I help Fleiss carry the box into the conference room. Ever the manager, she instructs some advance men to go grab more boxes of coconuts from her Land Rover. Fleiss places our box next to the stage, which bears multiple copies of Roger Stone's book, *The Making of the President: How Donald Trump Orchestrated a Revolution*.

Fleiss hands Hof a coconut, smiling. They look like two old friends remembering all the times they've helped each other. "You're the best," Hof says, then asks where she got the coconuts. Fleiss smiles. "My L.A. connections."

Hames interrupts the lovefest. Aging Republicans are assembling, and the room isn't ready yet. Hof treats his campaign like a brothel, ordering two hookers in matching black dresses to stand at the door. "You have to greet them as they come in," he instructs. The women practice their greetings. Hof shakes his head and tells them to say: "Hi, welcome to Dennis Hof's party."

The crowd builds. Readjusting her sparkly shawl, Fleiss sits at a table with Parreira and a reporter from England's *Daily Mail*. The women gossip about the parrots Fleiss adopted and a corrupt animal shelter she wants to shut down.

Conversation eventually turns to No Little Girl and the brothel ban. Fleiss views targeting Hof's brothels as "a low blow." Then she jokes, "If someone wants to pay to compliment me, that's a compliment." Hames shushes us. Daddy—as the brothel employees call the bald-domed Hof—has taken the stage.

"Tucker and Roger Stone call me the Trump of Pahrump," Hof begins. "We're reality stars. We eat too much." The crowd goes wild at Hof's Trump invocation.

"He's such a good speaker," Fleiss whispers.

"You all should elect me because I put a photo of Bill Clinton with two working girls [in the *Enquirer*]!" Hof declares. Then he asks, "Who voted for Trump?"

Everyone screams except Fleiss, the *Daily Mail* reporter, and me.

Other local Republicans take the stage to discuss guns and sanctuary cities. Wearing a cowboy hat, Roger Stone Skypes in to utter familiar Trumpworld slogans.

Fleiss rolls her eyes at the immigration talk. "There should be no wall," she says. "Just a resort like the French Riviera."

One speaker denounces Jane Fonda's protests against the Vietnam War, and Fleiss shakes her head. "Jane Fonda," she asserts, "is the best-looking woman in Hollywood. She's 83 and look at her!" Still, Fleiss says, she may run as a Republican in the next election if Hof wins.

I ask Fleiss why she's voting for him.

"I like Dennis because he's a loyal friend," she says. "It's so rare. Most people who steal from you or hurt you are your friends. It's nice to have someone who will never betray you."

A moment later, the woman dubbed the Hollywood Madam adds, "I want Dennis to win because he understands what I'm doing with my birds."

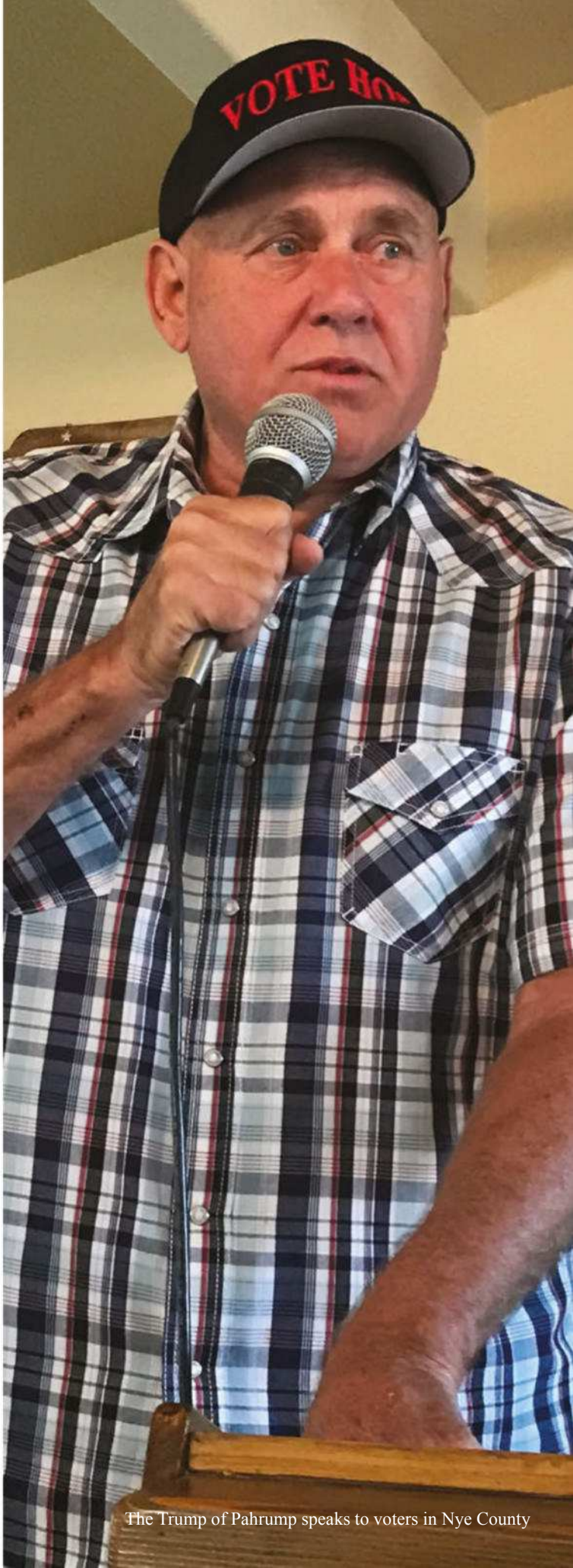
The evening ends with Pastor Victor Fuentes coming to the stage to lead the gathering in prayer. Zach Hames hands him a $2,000 check for Patch of Heaven.

"It's been a whirlwind experience meeting Dennis," Fuentes begins. "James Oscarson has not brought water back to the property. I will not let someone take credit for something they didn't do." He then asks the crowd to pray.

Fleiss and I stand up. "We ask you to pray for Dennis," the Patch of Heaven founder says. His words and the moment of prayer that follows recur to me more than once that night and the next day. Conservative Christians praying for political candidate Hof at a Republican candidate rally is not something that viewers would have predicted to see when *Cathouse* began airing in 2005. But it's a new era, the Age of Trump. And given the federal investigations that have impeded Trump since he entered the White House, and the drama that has already engulfed the brothels, Hof may find that those prayers come in handy. Only God knows the outcome of the pimp's political ambition.

As Pastor Fuentes would say, Lord help him.

Mitchell Sunderland was a senior staff writer at VICE. He lives in Los Angeles, and his stories have been viewed by millions. He is at work on his debut nonfiction book, an investigation into the misunderstood pet industry, from a third-generation puppy person who was raised in the stockrooms of Florida pet stores and on the puppy farms of the Midwest.

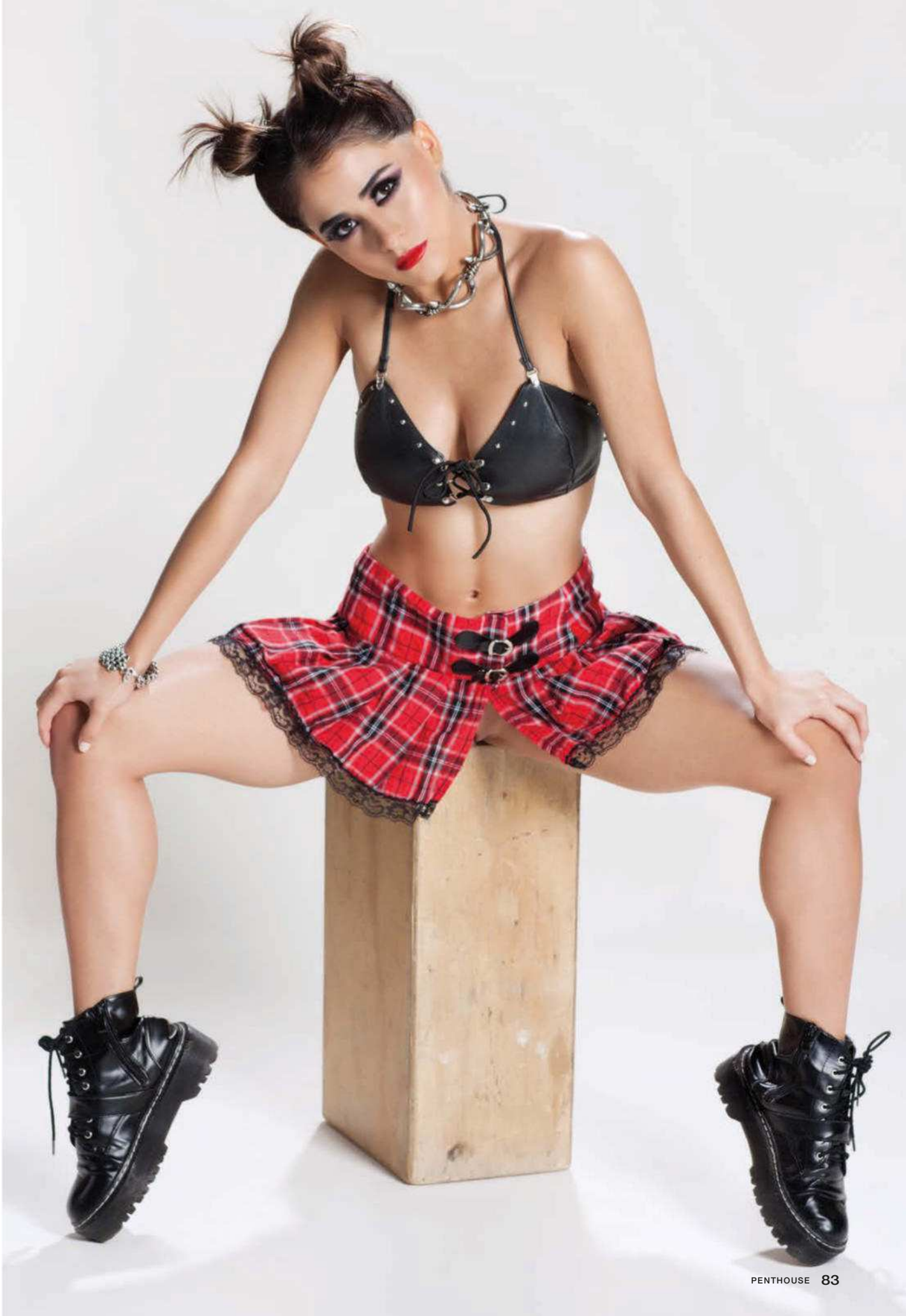


The Trump of Pahrump speaks to voters in Nye County

TARTAN AROUND

Our July CyberCutie Mia Valentine grew up a ballerina in Guatemala, but these days she splits her time between the U.S. and Japan. Mia is a model by day and a cam girl by night. You never know what she's going to surprise her audience with next. We dressed her up like a pop punk tart and she showed off all those years of ballet training.

Photography: Gerald De Behr



MIA VALENTINE

Vital Stats:

32DD-24-32

5'6"

19 years old

You love ramen. What's the best ramen you've ever had?

You can't go wrong with any ramen when you're in Tokyo, but after living there for a year, I can say my absolute favorite comes from a small shop in the Koenji area called Tabushi. They do a cold dipping ramen called tsukemen that's the best ramen in the world.

How does L.A. compare to Guatemala?

The weather in both L.A. and Guatemala is awesome. Both places I can use Spanish almost anywhere. I love L.A. because I love live music and my favorite bands never came to Guatemala. Plus, weed is legal here! But I do love Guatemala, and despite what the president says, it's not a shithole.

What's your favorite thing to do after a long day of camming?

I work pretty late, so after I'm done camming, I usually smoke a bowl, take a shower, blast music, and chill out.

How often are you online, and what's your cam show like?

I try to log on five nights a week. My shows go in whatever direction the guys in my room want it to go. My favorite thing we do is dances. Guys tip me to dance to a song of their choice and I just let myself go crazy. Sometimes I dance really seductively to Sade and sometimes I'm just acting like a goofball to Cyndi Lauper. Besides that, I try to end my shows with a grande finale of me squirting. I'm kinda known for that in the webcam community.

If you could listen to only three artists for the rest of your life, who would you pick?

My three all-time favorite bands are LCD Soundsystem, Tame Impala, and Bjork. Last year I got to see LCD Soundsystem and Bjork at the same music festival in Japan.

How did you get into camming?

I was living in this middle-of-nowhere town in Illinois and I was desperate to find my way out. My friend jokingly said I'd be good at camming so I looked into it and I thought I'd give it a chance. The first night I went on, I made more money than I ever had before. A few months later I was living my dream of traveling the world.

What's on your bucket list?

To live in New York City, go clubbing in Berlin, take photos of the Hong Kong skyline, go on safari in Africa, and be on the cover of a major magazine.

Find more of Mia Valentine at https://profiles.myfreecams.com/Mia_Valentine or see more at Penthouse.com

MULTIPLES

BY JENNY NORDBAK

SHE had tears streaming down her face and she was begging incoherently, but I don't think she even knew if she was pleading for us to stop…or for more.

It had all started because we had a slow workday at the Dungeon. Too much time on our hands combined with filthy minds had resulted in the present scene.

Linda, the newest submissive, casually mentioned that she had never experienced multiple orgasms. If she had stopped there we may have let it slide, but she continued by telling us that she didn't think it was possible because all of her boyfriends had failed to make it happen.

"Oh, honey," chuckled Raven, a fellow Switch. "Challenge accepted."

We couldn't get away with proving her wrong while we were at work because that would be breaking the rules—and we were pretty sure it wasn't going to be a quiet endeavor, so we would definitely get caught. We decided to reconvene at Raven's place after work, but we had hours in the dressing room to discuss exactly what we were going to do to make Linda come as many times as we wanted. She was painfully turned-on by the time our shift was over, but I'm pretty sure she was still skeptical we could do it.

We didn't waste any time once we all got to Raven's place. The rest of us generally kept the evidence of our perversions hidden in closets or under beds, but Raven's apartment was basically a dungeon in its own right. There were D-rings for bondage mounted to the walls and ceiling, bondage furniture clearly visible, and toys absolutely everywhere. She clearly didn't give a fuck who knew she was kinky.

In short order, we had Linda stripped naked and tied up in a bondage swing. She was positioned on her back with her legs pulled up and open, so her pussy and ass were totally exposed. She would be able to see everything we were doing, but wouldn't be able to move to control it.

We kissed and teased her for a few moments, letting her warm up to the idea of where things were heading. We knew only too well that for women, an orgasm comes as much from headspace as from anything physical. If she was overthinking it, it would be harder for her to get off.

We overwhelmed her senses with our tongues and fingertips, letting her think we were heading for her clit, but always pulling back just before we reached it. She had magnificent tits, so we couldn't help showering them with attention before getting down to business. I rolled and pinched her nipple between my fingertips, while holding eye contact with her. When aroused, she had fire in her eyes, challenging us for more.

When her breath started coming in ragged pants and her hips were jerking against her bonds, we knew it was time to pull out the toys.

Raven went straight for the big guns, turning on a Hitachi wand and holding it up for Linda to see.

"Ever felt one of these?" she asked.

Linda shook her head.

Raven didn't bother responding. Instead, she pressed the head of the wand directly against Linda's clit, and laughed when Linda's whole body jerked wildly. She had been desperate for something to touch her clit, but this was such a strong sensation that at first it probably seemed like too much.

But then Raven started to rub the wand slowly back and forth across Linda's clit. Just to make a point, we didn't do anything else—no penetration, no teasing kisses, no playing with her nipples. Raven just rubbed that vibrating wand back and forth, faster and faster, until Linda moaned desperately and came. With her legs spread open, we could see her pussy clenching rhythmically as she rode the orgasm.

Raven turned the wand off and let Linda catch her breath for just a moment before asking, "So we can all agree that was one, right?"

"Holy shit, yes!" Linda said, laughing. "And I'm pretty sure that's the fastest I've ever gotten off!"

"So let's just get number two out of the way so we can agree it's possible, and then we'll discuss how we'll go on from there."

It took Raven less than 30 seconds to make Linda come again. And again. And again.

"I thought we were just going for two and then talking about it?" Linda panted when Raven took a break.

"That was my plan, but it was too easy."

"Okay, you guys win. Multiple orgasms achieved!"

"Oh, but we're not finished yet," I said. "I haven't even had a turn."

Raven tried to hand me the Hitachi, but I turned it down. I wanted to show Linda that toys made it easy, but were hardly necessary.

I pressed my thumb to her clit and spread her pussy open

WE MEANT TO KEEP COUNT, BUT GOT CAUGHT UP IN THE MOMENT AND LOST TRACK SOMEWHERE AROUND A DOZEN ORGASMS. NOW WE WERE JUST LOOKING FOR A FINALE.

with my other hand. As I slid two fingers inside her, I started to rub her clit hard with my thumb. It had been overstimulated with the vibrator, so it was sensitive but needed enough pressure to compete with the intensity she had been feeling. I started to thrust inside her while playing with her swollen little bud. Now that she had already come repeatedly, it didn't take much at all to push her over the edge again.

Raven stepped back in and pressed her tongue to Linda's clit while I thrust another two fingers inside her, and she came again.

The next 30 minutes were a haze of thrusting and moaning, of the feel of slick arousal and the sound of Linda begging. We meant to keep count, but got caught up in the moment and lost track somewhere around a dozen orgasms.

Now we were just looking for a finale.

"Ever squirted?" I asked her.

"I don't think I can," she replied, legs quivering and sweat dripping down her sides.

Raven laughed menacingly, then said, "You would think she would have learned not to say shit like that to us by now!"

Raven and I had done this before, so a glance between us was all it took. I thrust back into Linda's pussy and pressed deeply against her G spot, rubbing it hard. Raven pushed one hand down low on Linda's stomach and stimulated her clit with the Hitachi again.

Linda cried out at the intensity of it. We kept going through what looked like a few more orgasms before her pussy finally gushed in a stream.

"Holy shit!" Linda muttered, tossing her head back and forth in disbelief.

"So we'll untie you now, little Linda, but I just have one question left to ask you." My tone was teasing. "What the fuck were your boyfriends doing all that time?"

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon.

THE ONE PERCENTER

A CONVERSATION WITH FORMER HELLS ANGEL GEORGE CHRISTIE.

INTERVIEW BY SETH FERRANTI

AFTER decades as a leading member of the Hells Angels, George Christie parted ways with the notorious motorcycle club in 2011. Then in 2016, he published a memoir about his experience, *Exile on Front Street*. Now, the 71-year-old rebel, host of the popular History Channel documentary series *Outlaw Chronicles,* is taking his show on the road with a one-man play, *Outlaw*. *Penthouse* caught up with Christie for a chat.

You felt the pull of rebellion at a young age and got involved with the Question Marks and Satan's Slaves. What was that like?

It was a lot of freedom, and one of the things that interested me was the "live and let live" attitude that everyone seemed to have. If you could stand up for what you believed in, people were pretty much willing to accept you on that face value.

I initially started out hanging out with the Question Marks, and ultimately they got endorsed by the Hells Angels, becoming an official "one-percenter" club. I was introduced to the Losers, Straight Satans, and then the Satan's Slaves. At that particular point in my life, I was never off my bike except when I was working. I started gravitating toward the Slaves and hanging out with them a lot. They invited me to one-percenter runs, and I started meeting other people, other clubs, and then I met the Hells Angels.

Tell us about the prestige of the Hells Angels back then.

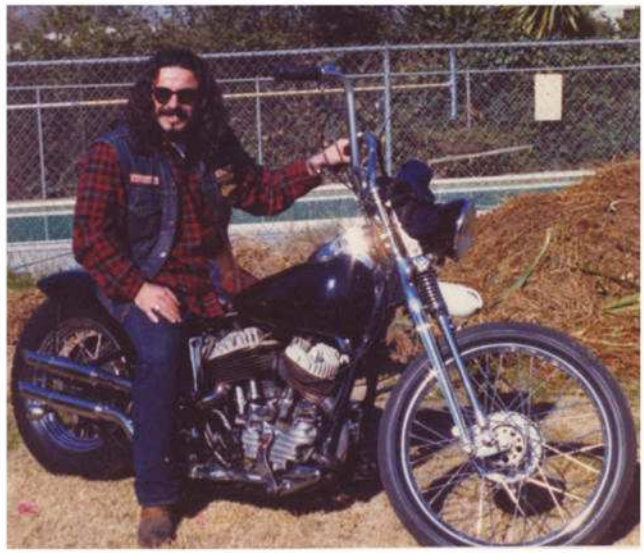
The Hells Angels were the biggest and most respected outlaw bike club in the world. They dominated the culture for years. You really weren't in the big leagues until you got involved with the Hells Angels.

Eventually all these other bike clubs popped up and there were a lot of rivalries. The whole culture seemed to shift from fun, motorcycles, and partying to territorial beefs and issues with egos which turned excessively violent—murders, explosions. In the late seventies there were explosions in downtown Los Angeles. Stop and think about that by today's standards. It was really a tumultuous time. Things were really shifting in the culture.

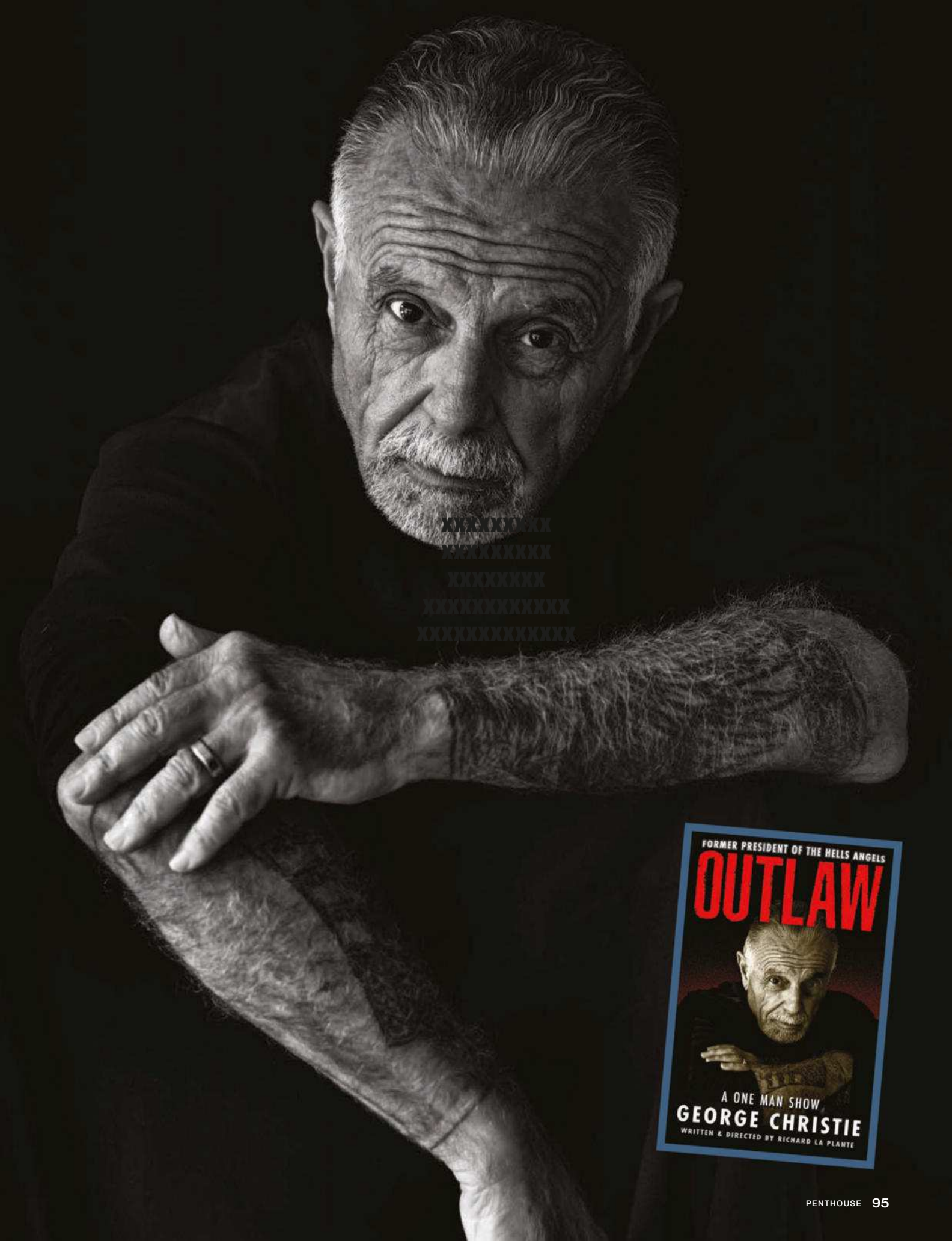
You were a Hells Angel for the better part of your life. What did that mean?

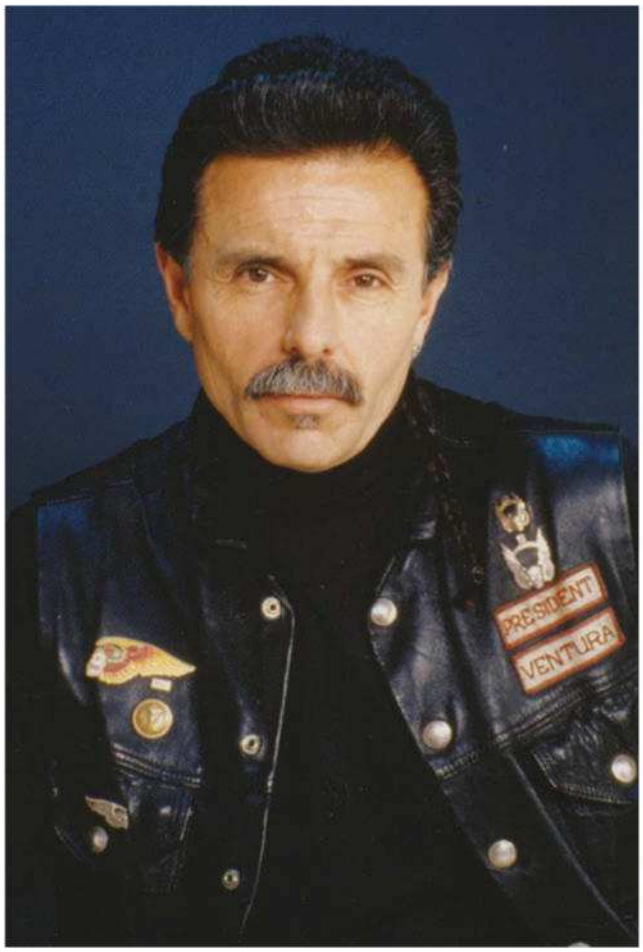
Everywhere we went we had prestige and we had earned it. It opened a lot of doors for me. I met a lot of people in the movie industry, music industry, and got invited to a lot of places where I never would've been welcomed at if I wasn't a member of the Hells Angels.

I met a lot of interesting people—authors, musicians, actors, philosophers. I developed relationships with Dennis Hopper



PHOTOS: COURTESY OF GEORGE CHRISTIE


FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE HELLS ANGELS
OUTLAW
A ONE MAN SHOW
GEORGE CHRISTIE
WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY RICHARD LA PLANTE



and Timothy Leary. I got to meet Ken Kesey, talk to him and exchange ideas with him. It was a world that was so much different than it is now. Imagine sitting down with Jerry Garcia and talking about war, peace, and where the planet was heading. It's hard to describe.

People have said *Sons of Anarchy* is based on you and the Ventura chapter.

I've heard those rumors. I know that one of the producers went to Santa Barbara Harley-Davidson and said, "I want ten motorcycles. I want them to look just like the Ventura Hells Angels bikes." It's almost like street talk. I've never had anybody from *Sons of Anarchy* approach me about any ideas or my thoughts

"IN THE OLD DAYS YOU COULD ALMOST TELL WHERE AN INDIVIDUAL WAS FROM BY THEIR BIKE, LIKE A GEOGRAPHIC ACCENT."

on anything. I have talked to some of the actors and interacted with them. They were very respectful. We had a good rapport.

I've never talked to Kurt Sutter [the show's creator], but at some point I'd like to. He really impacted the outlaw bike world. During my last trial, one of the questions we asked the jurors was, did they watch *Sons of Anarchy* and how did it impact them? Just about every juror we talked to had seen it and developed an opinion about the outlaw bike culture. I think that's a pretty profound statement.

What was it like watching the Hells Angels become international icons?

The outlaw bike movement kind of started here in Southern California. It was an American original and it bled to all the continents. It's everywhere now. To be in Southern California and fly to Europe and see all these people that have the same interests and philosophies as you made you feel part of something larger. It's quite a thing to be part of something that grew into a worldwide phenomenon.

How do you think the outlaw lifestyle has changed since the sixties?

A lot of the people that became members, not just in the Hells Angels but in a lot of the clubs, got in feeling immediately entitled. In the old days, you had to establish yourself.

Part of establishing yourself was the extension of yourself in your machine—what type of machine you were riding. In the old days you could almost tell where an individual was from by their bike, like a geographic accent. If somebody rode up and they were from San Francisco, you could pretty much tell from the style of their motorcycle. If they were from San Diego, same thing. The Satan's Slaves were some of the best bike builders around. They had some unbelievable motorcycles.

We got a lot of influence from Dick Woods, who was leader of the Question Marks. We were getting influenced by guys like Dick and Von Dutch. If you didn't build your own bike you weren't accepted. Harley-Davidson used to cringe when we walked in, but eventually they started embracing the outlaw lifestyle. [The company] made this transition were you could walk right in to a Harley dealer and buy a custom-built motorcycle. It lost the purity of the lifestyle. In the past, you had to build them. Now you can ride out on a custom-made-looking Harley, buy a leather cutoff, some leather pants, and you're an outlaw.

You eventually walked away from the Hells Angels and wrote a book. Why did you decide to document your life with the club?

We had a particular protocol if you wanted to walk away. I didn't like all the violence. I was interacting with other bike clubs that we were at war with and I kept getting undermined.

There were people in all the clubs, not just ours, who liked that posturing of violence and it just got to be a burden for me. I didn't feel that's what the culture was about. I went and said, "We're fighting wars on five fronts. I feel like we've become the people we rebel against. I don't want to do this anymore." And then, two to three weeks later, they put me on trial. They didn't even give me the respect to have me come there and defend myself. They changed my status to "out bad."

People started saying things—I was a coward; rumors started that I was an informant. I wasn't going to let somebody else rewrite the history that I lived. I wanted to document it. I did it on the *Outlaw Chronicles,* and I did it even deeper with *Exile on Front Street*. I wrote my fiction book, *Marked,* and that was really based on all my life experiences—how I watched the outlaw bike world make a transition into kind of an urban army. There's a lot of things in it that people will relate to if they are interested in the outlaw biker lifestyle.

***Outlaw Chronicles* remains in heavy rotation on the History Channel. How did that come about, and what was it like making the show?**

Only in America can you go to prison, come home, and get a television show. I was in La Tuna prison in Texas and started getting information from my daughter, who's also my criminal lawyer, that the History Channel was petitioning her to talk to me. I kind of thought, *I'm not going to pay much attention to this. I'm just gonna do my time and come home*. And then my counselor called me in. He started in on me. He said, "What's the deal with the History Channel?"

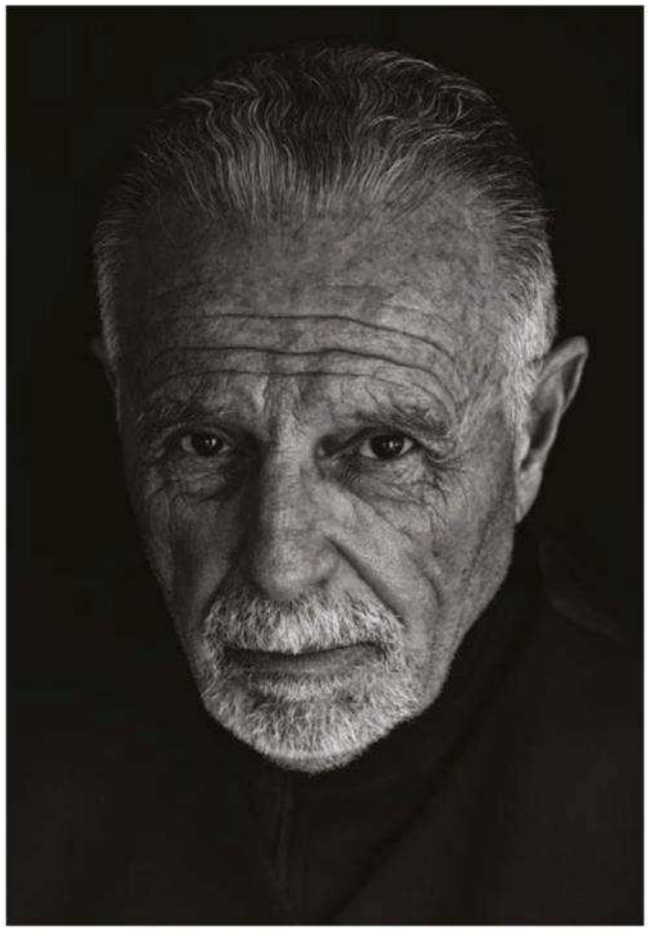
The History Channel had called these guys. They wanted to come and interview me, but the warden didn't want anything to do with it. The first day I got out of the halfway house they started getting a hold of my daughter again. They showed up and it just kind of grew from there. There were some things that I couldn't talk about, [which is] why I wrote *Exile on Front Street*. It was interesting. Now I get mail from all over the world. People have watched that show worldwide.

You're taking your new one-man stage show, *Outlaw,* across the country. What can fans expect?

This show is based on my book and my life. I start in the recent past, in a courtroom, and go back to 1955. That was the first time I saw an outlaw bike rider. I talk about all my adventures, my triumphs, my failures. It's a real look at myself. It's something

"GETTING ON A STAGE AND DOING A LIVE SHOW. IT'S A BIG CHALLENGE. GUYS LIKE HENRY ROLLINS, I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO THEM."

I have control of and it's the message I want to get out about my journey and where I'm at now in my life. This is something Richard La Plante, a very good writer, and I developed. My manager has a lot of faith in me. He's put on a lot of one-person shows and represented a lot of prominent people in the business. It's different from sitting in a studio and getting filmed or doing interviews on television—*60 Minutes* or whatever it may be. You're talking



about 90 minutes of dialogue. Getting on a stage and doing a live show. It's a big challenge. Guys like Henry Rollins, I take my hat off to them.

How much contact do you have with your former comrades?

Club members are not allowed to talk to me. Messages I get are secondhand. There's everything from support to people saying I'm a sellout, but I can name other Hells Angels figures—leaders that have written books, gone on television, appeared in movies about the lifestyle, appeared on *Sons of Anarchy*—and I don't think it's any different for them than for me to be able to tell my story in that manner.

When you joined the Hells Angels, did you ever think it would turn into all this?

You know what's interesting is, I jumped into the outlaw life with both feet. Really enjoying the lifestyle and then it makes this dramatic turn when there's a war in Southern California. People are getting murdered and shot off their bikes.

I didn't want to get out of the lifestyle. I saw myself doing nothing else the rest of my life. Ultimately, I decided people weren't sharing my vision anymore and I walked away. I don't know if I see myself as a celebrity. I don't think I've quite wrapped my arms around that yet. I get positive mail and I even get hate mail. I answer all the mail I get. I even answer the hate mail if it's entertaining enough. Maybe that's what's happening. I don't know.

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's also the author of the crime series Street Legends, and the comic series Crime Comix.

JT III

Los Angeles-based photographer JT III and his Nikon have seen more beautiful women up close and personal than most of us will in a lifetime. That's the plus of being an approachable, professional straight shooter whose last goal is to try to date his subject. "I love that photography freezes time," JT says. "You can find old photographs and immediately reconnect with that fraction of a second. You can tell truths, lies, or create fantasies." Enjoy this collection of JT III's favorite moments.

By Mish Barber-Way

THE CANFIELD PRO ON-EAR MONITORS by Shinola • $495

You know how most singers seem to be wearing dorky hearing aids when they perform live shows? Those are called inner ears and they keep your favorite pop darlings from sounding like dog shit when the monitors aren't doing the trick. Last tour cycle, our management team tried to get me to use inner ears. I refused. I like the sound of the live band, and inner ears turn the stage into a distant planet where the music from the amps behind you is somehow ten miles away. It's weird. However, the clarity and strength you get with inner ears is overwhelming. I'm in my zone, yelling over a school bus of kids who aren't listening. I think that's why people like me can't take it. We're used to screaming over amps cranked up to ten. We're scared to actually hear ourselves. But most people like their music loud and clear, which is the concept behind Canfield Pro On-Ear Monitors (also available as in-ear and over-ear, which are slightly bigger). These headphones mimic what a professional musician would have with the added bonus of an inline microphone (just like your iPhone buds), volume control, and multifunctional button to shut the guitars up in a flash. I thought the price was mental until I tried them. These are powerful little ponies. Everything I put on sounded heavy and bright, from Hank Williams to Rosey Dust to KISS. Come on, $495 isn't the end of the world. Sometimes you have to buy dumb shit to make yourself happy. **shinola.com**

MEDIUM NOTEBOOK by Ezra Arthur • $65

In my mid-twenties, I dated this wealthy aristocrat who had a swank penthouse apartment a few blocks away from my decrepit studio shoebox. When things got serious, we spent the majority of our time at his place, seeing as he had a living room, a dishwasher, a flat-screen TV, and a king-size bed with sheets so soft I wanted to dump the aristocrat for them. Beyond all this, the aristocrat had a really gorgeous bathroom that was always pristine. I don't know how I ended up dating a man whose skincare regimen cost more than my car, but I guess the richies like to slum it sometimes. But that bathroom...it was too nice. I have enough trouble relaxing when I'm not at my home base, and I'm pretty sure it took a good nine months before I could even use that bathroom. Like the aristocrat's beautiful porcelain toilet, this leather notebook from Ezra Arthur is out of my league. I spent my youth filling moleskins with my insane bullshit, but this classy little journal is hand-stitched and bound with full-grain premium Horween Chromexcel leather and Tomoe River paper (that's French for "baby soft"). This notebook is so nice I'll probably never write in it. Who knows? Maybe in nine months I'll feel comfortable enough to jot my name on the first page. **erzaarthur.com**

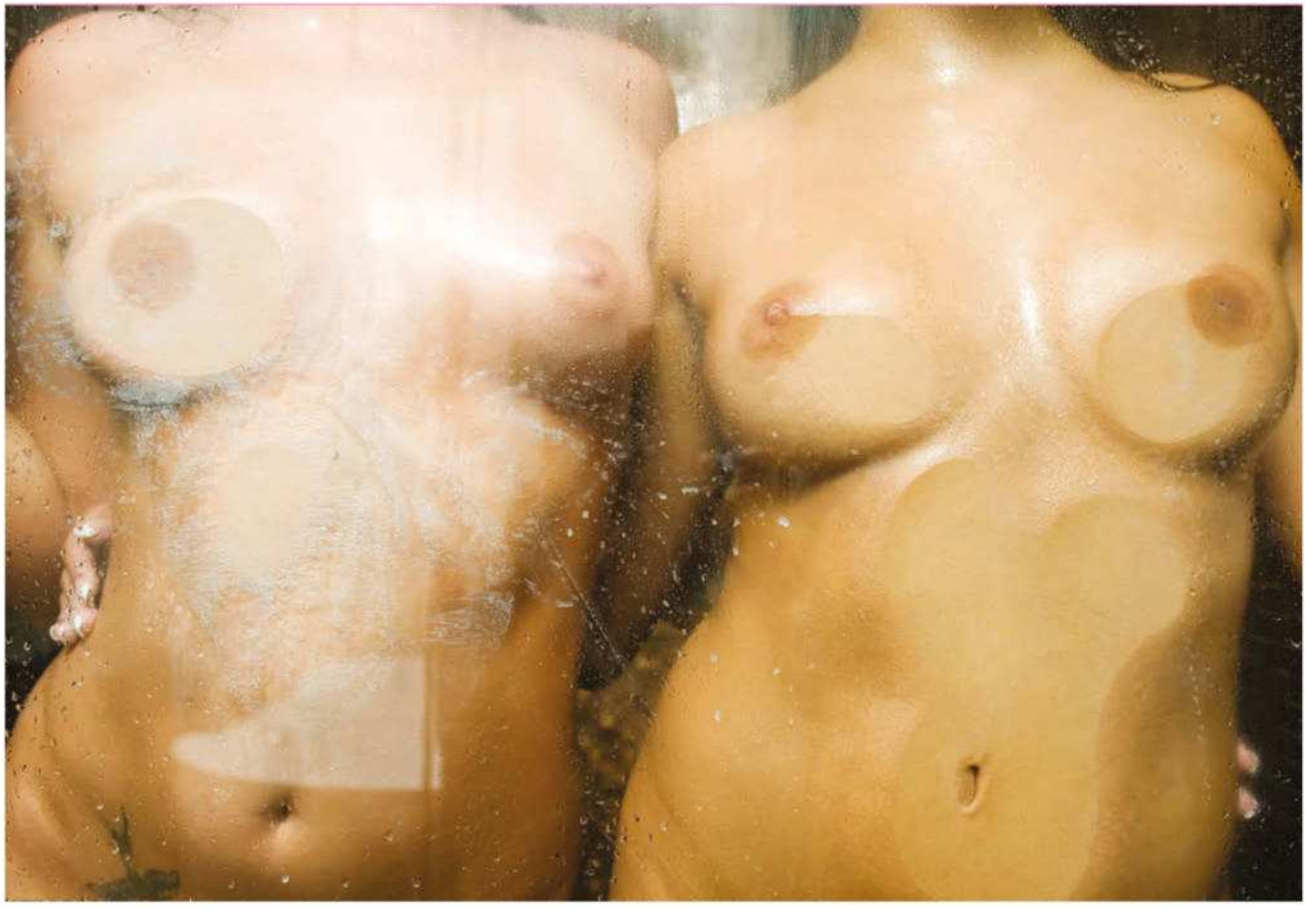
NO. 1 BELT IN GOLDEN TAN by Ezra Arthur • $100

For years I've been trying to find a belt that doesn't feel like a stupid cummerbund. I've always been drawn to unisex or men's leather products, especially when it comes to timeless accessories. Girly shit always has to have a pattern stamped in or some ugly buckle. Why? Not all of us think "Funky Mom" is a good look. Ezra Arthur's No. 1 Belt is a faultless unisex leather belt. I opted for Golden Tan, but the English bridle leather comes in a variety of browns and black. When I first put this on, my weak woman wrists could barely get the buckle done. I love how thick and durable this design is, and the buckle doesn't draw any unwanted attention. A belt is a belt is a belt, and I want the classic one I buy to be quiet and last forever. Ezra Arthur made the perfect piece of leather. **erzaarthur.com**

SHOWER POWER

If we were to write a broke girl's guide to masturbation, it would include the electric toothbrush, the iPhone, a clothes dryer, and the fantastic shower head. The shower head is the best DIY masturbation tool on the market. Shyla and Andy know this like the back of their hands. Or the front of their pussies. Whatever the case, shower power always wins.

Photography: Carlos Manson



SEE MORE OF SHYLA JENNINGS AND ANDY SAN DIMAS AT PENTHOUSE.COM

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT
VETERANS AF
TO CARE FOR HIM WHO S
HAVE BORNE THE BATTLE
FOR HIS WIDOW, AND HIS

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY MARK VAN SCYOC

HOPE IS NOT A METHOD

THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING IN THE DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS—AGAIN.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

GOOD *Penthouse* reader, I wanted to write about something fun this month, I swear. Sex. Drugs. Blowing Shit Up. These are hallmarks of this magazine and the Great American Life, after all. But the goddamn fates intervened yet again. So be it. Let us be serious, committed citizens while also sex-ing and drugging and blowing shit up.

The Department of Veterans Affairs has made national news, again—and for all the wrong reasons, again. Committed Embrace the Suck readers know I have a strained relationship with the VA beast, but for all its institutional cracks and failures, its mission and purpose remain vital.

"To care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow, and his orphan," as President Lincoln said back in the day. That's a tall order, involving medical care and benefits and all sorts of necessary checks and balances. There's a reason—many reasons, actually—that the VA is the second-largest federal department.

In late March, Secretary of Veterans Affairs Dr. David Shulkin was fired by President Trump. The ostensible reason revolves around a trip Shulkin took in July 2017 to Europe and alleged excesses on the taxpayer's dime. (The VA inspector general found that Shulkin and some of his staff had placed misleading information in reports from the trip, though the Department of Justice declined to file charges. Shulkin later reimbursed the government for his wife's airplane ticket and other expenses.)

The real reason Shulkin got fired, though, had to do with a power struggle at VA, and what the future of medical treatment for military veterans will look like.

Scummy as those European expenses may be, by most accounts Shulkin was a straight shooter committed to the cause. Son of an Army veteran, he left a high-paying corporate job in 2015 for VA. Over the course of his time there, according to three friends of mine who worked under him (way under him, I should note), he earned a reputation as an internal reformer: someone devoted to the processes and safeguards of bureaucracy, but willing to seek out new ideas and approaches. People didn't always like him but they admired him. That's a notable distinction in a boss anywhere, I think, especially one heading a big federal department.

Trump promoted Shulkin from an undersecretary gig, but because he'd served first in the Obama administration, these hyperpolitical times meant Shulkin carried a leftover quality

THESE ARE LIVES, NOT NUMBERS. THAT'S WHAT MATTERS MOST. OR SHOULD, AT LEAST. VETERANS HEALTH CARE ISN'T A TOY IN THE SANDBOX TO BE SQUABBLED OVER. AND YET THAT'S EXACTLY HOW IT'S PLAYING OUT IN 2018.

for some. Furthermore, over time he began butting heads with Trump appointees and White House officials who thought the internal reforms Shulkin vouched for weren't doing enough. Inside VA headquarters and in the greater Beltway, they began touting a method long spouted by conservative think tanks and journalists: privatization.

Privatizing the VA has been an enduring crusade of the Koch brothers (libertarian visionaries or shadowy conservative tycoons, as you prefer), so it should surprise no one that it was a man with Koch connections, Darin Selnick, a veteran affairs adviser at the White House Domestic Policy Council, who butted heads with Shulkin most openly. (According to the *Military Times,* Selnick left the administration in March as well, a "departure planned for months and [not] connected to any dissatisfaction from the White House or the recent controversies with Shulkin." Yeah, okay.)

There's a lot to unpack here. A lot of money, a lot of ego, and a little bit of power, all at play. Also, what exactly does "privatization" mean? Shulkin was already pushing VA toward a hybrid approach that incorporated community-based medical centers and wellness programs that proved to VA it could treat veterans. That wasn't nearly enough for full privatization proponents, who want to allow for total corporate access to veterans—and the government medical money they come with.

Strip away the particulars and the talking points, and it's an American fight old as the country—big corporate versus big government, and who gets to control what. But what about the vets themselves? These are lives, not numbers. That's what matters most. Or should, at least. Veterans health care isn't a toy in a sandbox to be squabbled over. And yet that's exactly how it's playing out in 2018.

One of the best observers of the VA rumble right now is a Twitter pal of mine, Steven Kiernan (@MsgToObserver). Steven's a Marine combat veteran and amputee who utilizes his local VA while attending college on the post-9/11 GI Bill. He put some smart thoughts to digital ink when he wrote this in the aftermath of the Shulkin firing:

"As someone who'll be relying on VA for serious medical needs for the rest of my life, I don't support privatization. But I also find it hard to take ANYTHING this guy (Shulkin) says seriously after his attempt to cover up his own lies when caught. I am glad he's gone."

Yeah, Shulkin was probably a good guy who meant well and did well. There was a reason most veteran organizations, from the old guard like the American Legion to the new bucks like IAVA (Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America), stood by him during his scandal. But. BUT. Steven's right. Shulkin fucked up. Abusing taxpayer money for personal benefit when you're the head of a federal department is no small thing. Actions should have consequences. They do for any private who misplaces a rifle. Shouldn't the people in charge be held accountable to the standard as well?

So, what next? The Trump administration floated a few trial balloons of potential VA Secretary nominations who had direct connections to the Kochs, but ultimately settled on an active-duty Naval officer and White House physician, Rear Admiral Ronny Jackson. Cynics argued that Jackson didn't have the requisite managerial experience necessary for VA—that this in turn was a cynical ploy to further degrade the public trust in VA.

Maybe there was truth to that, maybe not, but it's a moot point now as Jackson withdrew from the nomination process in late April following accusations of unprofessional conduct.

Here's hoping it all works out. But as my first sergeant in the 25th ID taught me on day one: Hope is not a method. In the meantime, Those Who Have Borne the Battle find themselves caught in more political crossfire, yet again. Only in America.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel Youngblood (Atria/Simon & Schuster).

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THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

ONE COMEDIAN'S GRIPES AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

BY JOE DEROSA

"Don't worry, be happy."
–Bobby McFerrin, the Michael Winslow of shitty music

THIS morning, I reached for my regular dose of Prozac, which I usually wash down with steaming hot coffee–anxiety and impatience often go hand-in-hand–and I noticed something peculiar: I felt fine. I don't mean "fine" like, I've-finally-cleared-my-head-so-I-can-drop-my-prescription fine. I mean like, the Black-Keys'-last-album fine: coasting, steady, average, regular. You'd think after a solid three-year cycle of having that little plastic bottle filled, emptied, and refilled again, I would have at least achieved synthetic happiness. But I haven't. My mental state is more of a dulled indifference. Each week has its short bursts of joy and swiping stings of agony, but the overall mood is "fuck it."

Where's my prescribed contentment? I don't wanna think about why I'm happy or how I got myself there. I just want it. Now. Everybody tells me I'll need a hell of a lot more than some tiny white pills to maintain a consistent level of joy. But why? Before my meds, it's not like all the other emotions were escaping me. Depression, terror, anger? At my beck and call. Tears were merely playthings; screams, just pawns to have my way with. It was elation that eluded me. I couldn't seem to find it, probably because it was too busy monopolizing Ellen's Twitter feed.

Nothing against Ellen. She at least demonstrates an academic concept of what I imagine a person looks when they're happy. Good for her. I just wonder if that's all it is, though: an impression. Happiness seems to be the only emotion we ever need any assistance with. Nobody takes downers to actually *feel down*. You never desperately need a tablet to increase your road rage. Still, we indulge in alcohol, medications, cigarettes, and bad food, hoping to find a fast shortcut to a better place. Often we do. Usually it's fleeting. Why does happiness, the mistress we all lust after, keep playing hard to get?

I believe Joe Pesci said it best. This is not a sentence I get to use often, but one that makes me extremely happy when I do. In the 1982 Rodney Dangerfield movie *Easy Money*–a film I've always referred to as Dangerfield's *White Album*–Pesci's character Nicky states that, although money won't buy you happiness, it will at least allow you to "pick your own kind of misery." There's the whole cruddy reality in a nutshell. Happiness, or the concept of it instilled in us at birth, is a nonexistent trophy. It's a high school crush. We're infatuated with chasing a glorified, romanticized unicorn.

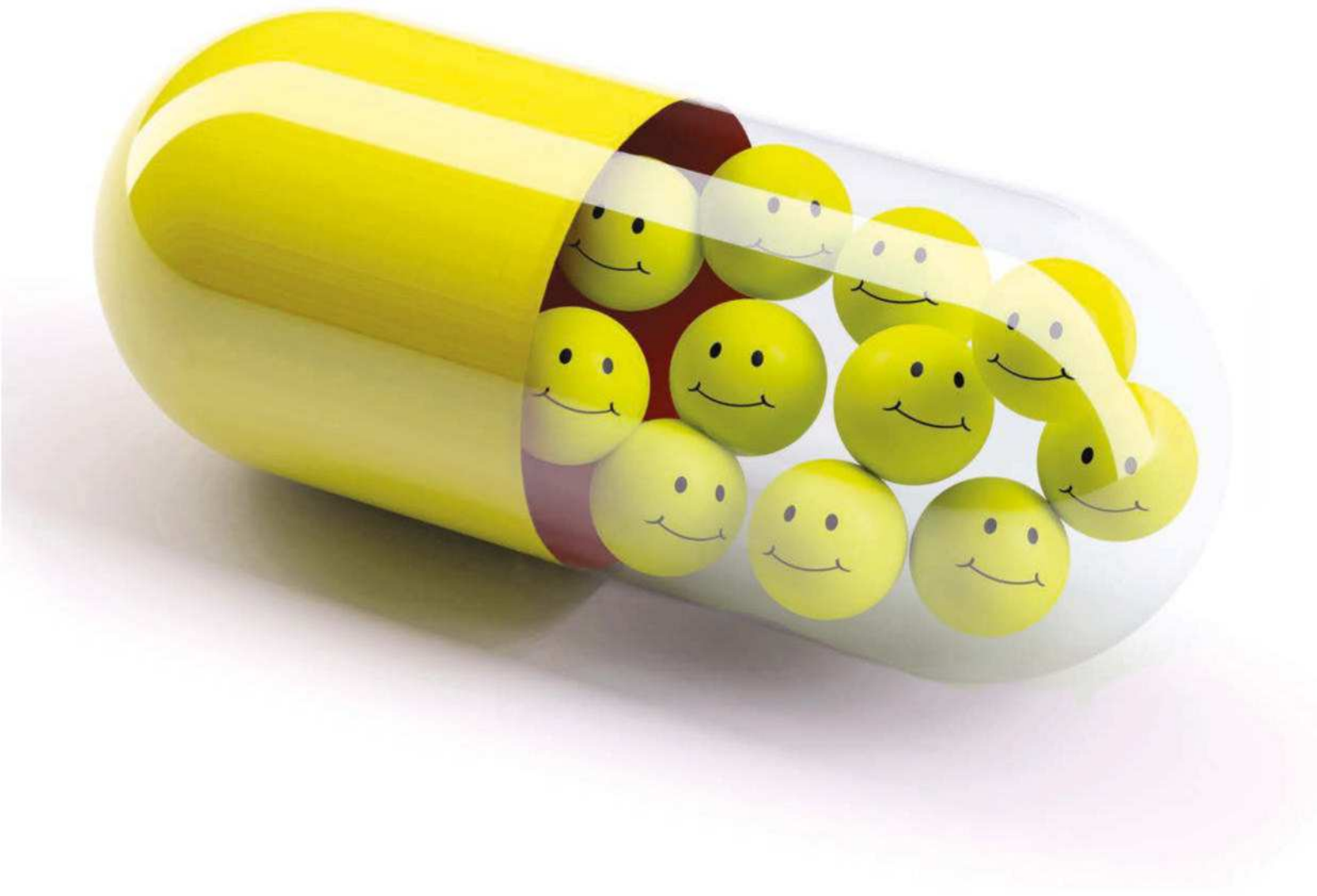
First off, life is mostly worry. And that's a good thing, since worry is what keeps life in order. Our concerns force us to show up at work, pay our bills, and eventually get off the couch and let Netflix know we're not "still watching." Second off, "Don't *worry,* be *happy*"? Theoretically, you need worry in order to be happy! If every one of life's blessings arrives at your doorstep, hassle-free, your perpetual state of plague-free non-perplexity isn't happiness, it's ignorance. Not knowing and/or recognizing the horrors of existence means you're insultingly aloof, stupidly detached, or both.

Think about it. Have you ever used the word "giddy" to describe a person you actually like spending time with? Have you once truly trusted someone you'd refer to as "whimsical" or "slaphappy"? Probably not. When you meet a person like that an alarm in your gut screams, "Danger! There's something fundamentally wrong with this asshole!" If you have a permanent smile on your face and you're not the Joker, you're either faking it or you're actually crazier than the Joker.

Let's face it: We can bullshit ourselves that the endgame here is bliss, but we completely love our problems. We have passionate affairs with our pitfalls. They're all we ever talk about. And if we're not prattling on about our own disasters, we're often clinging to somebody else's. "Let me tell you about a major crisis I'm dealing with." "Let me tell you about a major crisis a friend of mine is dealing with and why I relate to it." "Let me tell you about a major crisis a friend of mine is currently relating to that's exactly like a major crisis I'm dealing with." Even our mild issues are transformed into gargantuan mountains of misery. Parking tickets, traffic jams, crappy jobs, and delayed flights all become excuses for us to turn phrases like, "I can't deal," or "this is a nightmare."

But it's not our fault we harangue on hardship. The experts and learned individuals that we look to for guidance–politicians, clergy, doctors, parents–all have an

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY FABIO BERTI



IN THE 1982 RODNEY DANGERFIELD MOVIE *EASY MONEY*, JOE PESCI'S CHARACTER STATES THAT, ALTHOUGH MONEY WON'T BUY YOU HAPPINESS, IT WILL AT LEAST ALLOW YOU TO "PICK YOUR OWN KIND OF MISERY." THERE'S THE WHOLE CRUDDY REALITY IN A NUTSHELL.

incredible knack for reminding us we are constantly at risk, under threat, facing peril, and in harm's way. These are the folks assuring us none of the true anguishes of life ever slips past our goalie.

My physician tells me stress causes cancer and that all the ways to relieve stress will also kill me. The government prods us to become involved citizens, then informs us the places where we involve ourselves are targets for terrorism. Your church holds you to the standard of God while condemning you for acting like a human being. And finally, Mom and Dad wave red flags over secondhand smoke, predators, suspicious neighbors, car crashes, and STDs. We won't let ourselves forget the small shit, and they won't let us ignore the big shit. At this point, it's amazing we haven't all lost hope and Earth hasn't devolved into a cannibalistic wasteland.

Still, why wouldn't we collectively revel in the great dread of life? Average problems mean you're an average person, and average is the last thing any modern-age person wants to be.

In the current era of self-appointed life coaches, Twitter protestors, selfie sticks, and comedians posing as journalists, our 15-second stint in the spotlight is not just desired, but required. We're all in one big support group, doing our goddamnedest to out-qualify one another as the biggest victim. So let's start steering into the curve. Since our propensity for jubilance seems to suck, I say let's go with what we're good at. Misery makes us happy, therefore misery is our happiness. Misery also loves company. Perfect. We can all band together over tragedy, panic, pain, and chaos. Let's embrace every day being a bad day because, technically, that means every day is a good one.

And I feel fine about that.

Joe DeRosa is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul and Louie). His multiple stand-up specials and albums can be found online, as well as his podcasts We'll See You in Hell and Emotional Hangs.

LEG DAY

I'VE been a personal trainer for about ten years. All the guys ask me if I get to train hot chicks all day. Sometimes I do, but it's my job to be professional, not some sleazebag who's hitting on them while they're just trying to get in shape. I've only ever hooked up with a client once, but damn, was it good.

I'd been training her for a few months when it happened. There had been a connection from the first time we made eye contact—that electric feeling that sometimes happens when you can immediately tell there's mutual attraction. Our interactions after that were a little flirty, but never crossed a line.

She had long, dark hair that I kept imagining twining my fingers through and pulling as I was fucking her. She was already in great shape, with flat abs and strong thighs. I like a woman with some muscle. Sometimes she would get the naughtiest look in her eyes and it was all I could do to remember what exercise we were on.

The night something finally happened, I wasn't even training her. I was at the gym lifting when she came over to say hi.

"Finally doing your own workout?" she asked unnecessarily since I was dripping with sweat and holding weights.

"I am. Been doing your cardio?" I asked, nodding to her own sweaty state. Jesus, she looked hot. The sweat was making her already skintight workout clothes cling to every inch of her curves.

"Yeah, pounding it out on the treadmill."

"Nice. Well, keep up the good work," I said, not meaning to be dismissive, but I was struggling not to stare at her spectacular tits. If she didn't leave, I was worried I would say something inappropriate.

"Would you like to grab a drink with me after your workout?" she asked, catching me totally off guard.

I knew I should probably say no, but she was such a cool woman and hanging out with her sounded fun, even if it didn't lead anywhere.

"Sure," I replied with a smile. "But I'll need to stop by my place to shower and grab some clothes. I'm all sweaty."

"I like you sweaty. Why don't you just come shower at my place? You're going to get sweatier before I'm finished with you."

I thought I had misunderstood her at first, but the look in her eyes confirmed what she was suggesting.

Fuck it. Let's do this.

We went straight out to the parking lot so I could follow her back to her place. Thankfully, it was close.

She practically attacked me when she opened the front door. She pulled me in by the shirt and pushed me back against the wall. It was clear she wanted to be in charge. Which was fine by me.

SHE SLAMMED HER HIPS DOWN AND THREW HER HEAD BACK IN PLEASURE AS SHE TOOK ME ALL THE WAY INSIDE.

She stripped my shirt off and yanked my shorts down, then pressed her body against mine, kissing me hard. She moaned deliciously as our tongues touched before breaking the kiss to lick and suck my neck. She traced her tongue across my chest and caught a nipple between her teeth.

"Mmm…have I mentioned I like you sweaty?" she asked before her mouth was occupied again.

She kept licking her way down my torso until she reached the waistband of my briefs. I was already rock-hard, so my dick sprang free when she yanked them down. She didn't even hesitate before running her tongue in a circle around the head.

As she parted her plump lips and took it all the way into her mouth, I felt like I was in some kind of fantasy. This shit doesn't happen in real life. Not 15 minutes before, I had been midway through leg day at the gym and now my client was deep-throating my cock. How did I get this lucky?

She sucked dick like a fucking porn star. Within two minutes, I was scared I was going to come, but when I tried to stop her, she slapped my hands away and kept going. I wanted to fuck her, but she pushed me over the edge and I came in her mouth. She looked up at me as she swallowed.

I was about to ask if she would let me return the favor when she started sucking again. My dick was almost immediately hard, she was that fucking good.

"Oh yeah," she purred, "Now I plan to give you a real workout. I did promise you'd get sweatier, didn't I?"

She was still fully clothed, so I pulled her up from her knees and peeled her workout clothes off. They had left little to the imagination, but the reality of her naked was better than anything I had pictured.

She pulled me to the ground and rolled on top of me. I had planned to go down on her, but as she positioned my dick at her entrance, I could feel she was already soaking wet. She slammed her hips down and threw her head back in pleasure as she took me all the way inside.

She started to ride me, tits bouncing as she swung her hips with abandon. I grabbed her ass to thrust even deeper, groaning at the feel of my handiwork. She was just the right amount of muscular.

We rolled around the floor, our bodies slick where they were pressed together. I lifted her up and backed her into the wall. She wrapped her thighs around my waist as I thrust into her. It felt incredible. We were both close, so I pounded into her fast and hard, groaning as I felt her come. My legs were burning by the time I followed, coming for the second time. It was leg day after all.

We both sunk back down to the floor, panting and laughing.

"Can we work out like that from now on?" she giggled.

"I'm in."

"Shower beer?" she asked with that gleam in her eyes again.

I REACHED OVER TO ROLL ONE OF HER NIPPLES BETWEEN MY FINGERS, PINCHING A LITTLE, KNOWING SHE LIKED THE PAIN.

I wasn't sure I could manage round three, but I was more than happy to make this one about her. Instead of answering, I stood up and swung her over my shoulder.

"Point the way," I said.

—Devon A., Atlanta, Georgia

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

MY wife and I love to go camping, which has led to some fun outdoor adventures. She's a little more of an exhibitionist than I am. Sometimes I think she *wants* us to get caught. I like the thrill, but really don't want anyone to see me with my dick out.

We were in Zion National Park last summer, hiking a trail to Angels Landing when she got that look in her eye. She suggested we stop for a break, so we found a spot off the trail. Where we were sitting was almost tucked under the trail, so we could see people coming, but they couldn't see us unless they really looked. She couldn't have picked a better spot.

We never venture into the backcountry without a few beers in our packs, so we cracked them open, sitting to enjoy the view. It wasn't long before Marie's hand crept over and started rubbing my crotch through my shorts. I pretended to swat it away, knowing she liked the challenge.

She took her hand away and slid it down her own shorts instead. I watched it rubbing back and forth under the fabric, wishing I had an unobstructed view of her pussy.

"My fingers are already soaked," she moaned quietly.

"Let me taste them," I said, pulling her hand out by the wrist. I licked the taste off her fingers, and my dick got super hard, knowing my woman was wet for me.

"I want to see you come," I told her.

She started to slide her hand back into her shorts, but I shook my head.

"I said I want to see it."

Marie paused for a moment before she caught my meaning. She grinned as she pulled a jacket out of her pack to sit on, and then pulled her shorts and underwear down to her boots. She let her knees fall open so I could see her shaved pussy, a sight I'll never get tired of.

She briefly sucked her middle finger, getting it wet, before sliding it back down to her swollen clit. She started to rub in slow circles as she parted her pussy lips with the fingers of her other hand. She thrust two of those fingers inside, moaning and rubbing her clit faster. I reached over to roll one of her nipples between my fingers, pinching just a little, knowing she liked the pain.

I could tell she was getting close, but it wasn't until a group of hikers approached that she panted heavily, squeezed her eyes shut, and came. The threat of getting caught always seemed to push her over the edge.

While she was catching her breath, I pulled my dick out, stroking it a few times, but not needing to do much more. Marie leaned forward and took my erection into her mouth.

I'm no porn star in terms of size, but she had a tough time deep-throating me. I let her struggle for a few minutes before putting my hand on the back of her head and thrusting into her mouth. Marie loved it when I pushed that way, gagging her. She liked the thrill of feeling me in control.

I fucked her face until she was choking for air, loving the feel of her mouth and throat squeezing around my dick. But I wanted the real deal.

"Get on all fours," I told her, and she obeyed, scrambling to her knees in the small space.

I wanted to spank her gorgeous ass and watch it bounce as it turned red, but there was another group of hikers coming, so I couldn't risk the noise. Instead I spread her cheeks, enjoying the sight of her ass and pussy on display for me. She must have felt so exposed with both holes facing the trail in the open air. I knew she was loving it.

My dick was covered in spit, so it slid easily into her pussy, letting me thrust all the way in. She grunted in surprise, but immediately pushed back, encouraging me

I FUCKED HER FACE UNTIL SHE WAS CHOKING FOR AIR, LOVING THE FEEL OF HER MOUTH AND THROAT SQUEEZING AROUND MY DICK.

to fuck her harder. I obliged, sliding out and thrusting back in hard enough to make her ass shake.

I kept pounding her, knowing she liked it that way. When I knew I was almost there, I pulled out and said, "I'm gonna come."

Even though I wanted to finish inside her, I knew she would've had to hike with a mess down there afterward. Marie understood immediately, and quickly flipped around and took my dick into her mouth again, sucking hard. I came right away, shuddering in ecstasy as I watched her swallow, licking her lips as she smiled.

Marie's knees were filthy, but she didn't seem to mind. We both put our shorts back in place and retrieved our beers.

If you've never had a little afternoon delight while on the trails, you're seriously missing out.

—Aaron R., Salt Lake City, Utah

HOOP DREAM

DURING my junior year of college at North Dakota State, I applied to coach basketball at a high school summer camp in L.A. It was late winter, a couple days after yet another blizzard, and I decided sunny California would be a nice change from Fargo.

The weeklong skills program was taking place at UCLA in Westwood, not far from Sunset Boulevard and the Santa Monica Mountains. I flew Fargo to Denver, Denver to LAX. But high winds delayed my connecting flight, and that, plus the fact that an accident on the 405 freeway meant it took 90 minutes to go ten miles, had me rushing to Pauley Pavilion. It was nearly 5 o'clock as I approached a registration table. I'd been in touch by text with the other junior camp instructors—all of us college basketball players—and they had all headed to Venice Beach to play

pickup on the legendary courts.

The student who signed me in was a friendly blonde in a UCLA tank top, her tits forming cleavage that tugged at my eyes. *Damn,* I thought as I signed some university waivers and other forms, *is this how they make them in California*?

After handing her the paperwork, I walked off with a dorm key card, an info packet, and a bottle of water from the snack table. Using a campus map, I double-checked the location of my Sunset Village dorm. Then I heard a voice say, "Hey, I can show you."

It was the blonde staffer from the sign-in table.

"I'm in Sunset, too. Dorm next to yours. I'm Kristen, by the way."

I almost told her my name, then remembered she already knew it. Her shift was over. I happily accepted her offer, and we walked across campus, a 15-minute trek that I wished had been longer, as Kristen was great company. She wasn't bad to look at either, with long, lightly tanned legs in nylon running shorts and that amazing chest.

She was a communication major from San Diego, she said. She played volleyball in high school. In August she was flying to Paris to spend her junior year abroad and she was taking summer classes in advanced French and French literature. She asked me about playing for NDSU. I explained that I was a walk-on and didn't see the court much, though I didn't really see a need to use terms like "benchwarmer" and "garbage time."

I was glad I'd been late getting to Westwood. Or at least this sexy sophomore made me think less about missing out on the Venice hoop action. Three weeks earlier my girlfriend since freshman year had uttered those four dreaded words: We need to talk. Kristen was a needed reminder that maybe there really were other fish in the sea.

When we got to Sunset Village, I decided on a *nothing ventured, nothing gained* approach. "Hey," I said, "I've got a meet-and-greet dinner at seven, but I'm free after that. Any interest in grabbing a drink?"

"Oh, I can't!" she said. "It's my birthday tomorrow and my girlfriends are taking me out tonight." Kristin went on to explain that she had to jam for a French presentation the next night, hence the early celebration.

But then she held up an index finger, a little comically, as if inspiration had struck. "I have

HER TINY BUTTON OF AN ASSHOLE TEMPTED ME, BUT INSTEAD I HELD HER FLARED HIPS AND SLID MY HARD COCK INSIDE HER PUSSY.

an idea. You doing anything right now?" I said no. "I've got Coronas in the fridge," she said. "How about I come by and we start my birthday now?"

Ten minutes later she arrived with five Coronas smuggled in a backpack, plus an opener. I opened two bottles and we toasted. Then she sat in an easy chair and I sat in a desk chair and we drank beer. I had some music playing on my iPhone. I was glad I'd paid a little extra to have my own room. It was a double, but I didn't have to share it.

We split the last Corona, passing it back and forth, sitting on the edge of a bed. "I'm buzzed," she said. "Such a lightweight." She finished the beer, set the bottle down, turned her face to mine, and kissed me. Just like that. I'd had no idea what was going to happen when she arrived, but now I was *really* glad I wasn't in Venice with the others.

We were out of our clothes in two minutes. I watched her sapphire-blue thong drop to the floor. She stood there a moment and I nearly said, "Wow," but managed to suppress my inner geek. Instead I guided her to a bed and onto her back.

I got between her legs and began to tongue her clit, sliding one and then two fingers inside her wet pussy. I kept at it until her back suddenly arched and her hips lifted and she made a soft mewling sound, her pussy tightening on my fingers as she came.

"Be right back," I whispered a short time later. I grabbed a couple condoms from my bathroom kit, put one on, and slid my cock inside her. I fucked her gently at first and then harder. It was heaven, looking into her beautiful face, thrusting into her tight pussy, her breasts full and round beneath me. She wrapped her legs around me, staring into my eyes, and then her eyes closed. A minute later my body shuddered and I came.

After I removed the condom, Kristen whispered, "I like doggie, too."

The thought alone made my cock stiffen. I stood up and she took my dick in her mouth and got me rock-hard within seconds. She got on all fours on the bed, her ass high, an arched gap between the tops of her inner thighs where they ended at her crotch. Her tiny button of an asshole tempted me, but instead I slipped on the second condom, held her flared hips, and slid my hard cock deep inside her pussy. We fucked hard, her ass slapping against my stomach, her hips swiveling up and down a little, which drove me crazy.

I reached both hands around and cupped her huge tits, their size and feel bringing me closer to the edge. I brought my hands back along her smooth sides, settling them on her tiny waist, her hips rearing against me, and then I came again.

We kind of collapsed on the bed. After a luscious few seconds, our warm bodies sealed together, I rolled to one side and she lay there on her back and we looked at one another in the sunlit dorm room. She smiled, strands of blonde hair trailing across her flushed face.

"I'm glad you came to my table," she said. "And I'm glad we're neighbors this week."

I wished I knew some French. I would have tried to say something clever, something besides *"Oui."* Instead I just held her gaze, a smile on my face, too.

—Matt M., Laramie, Wyoming

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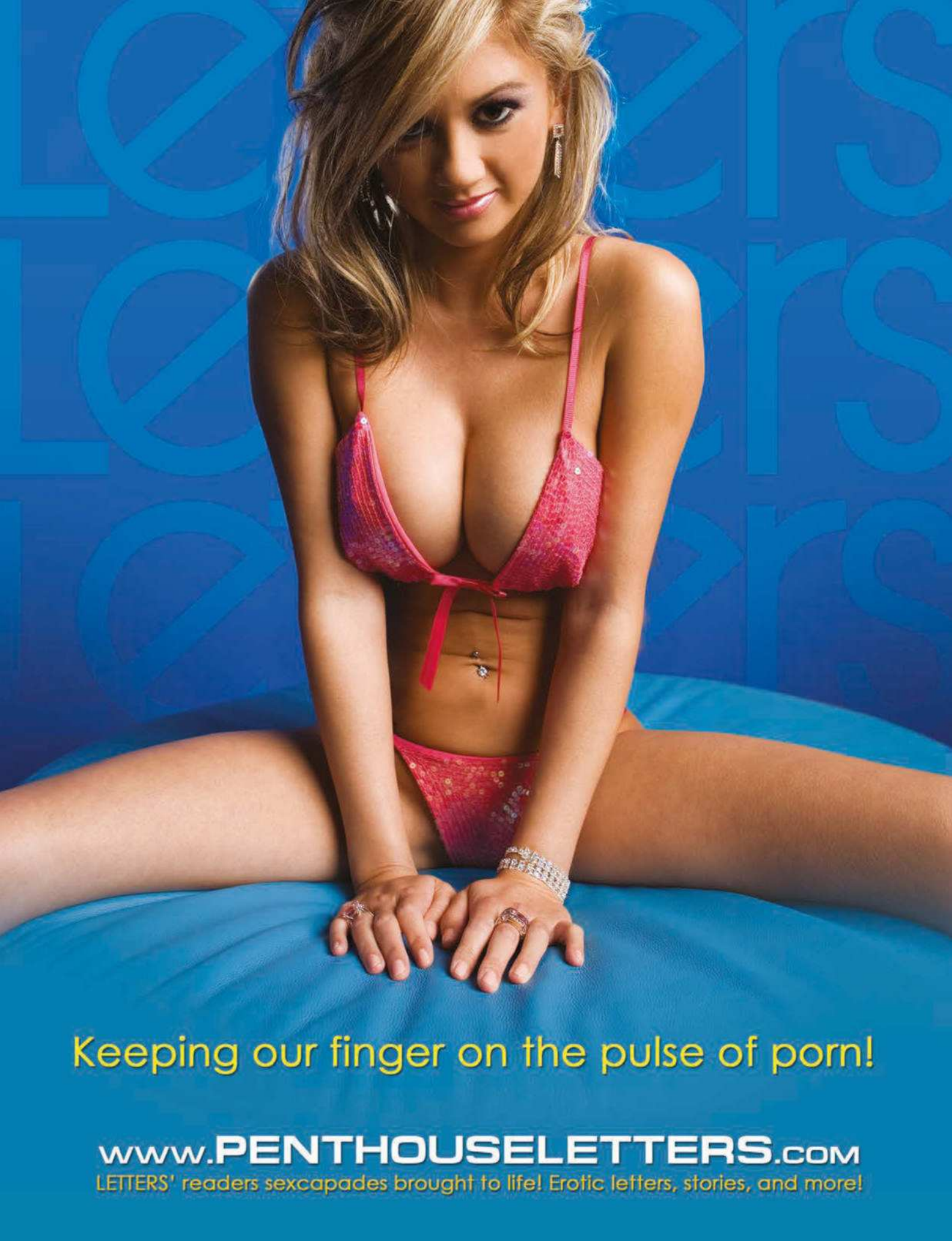
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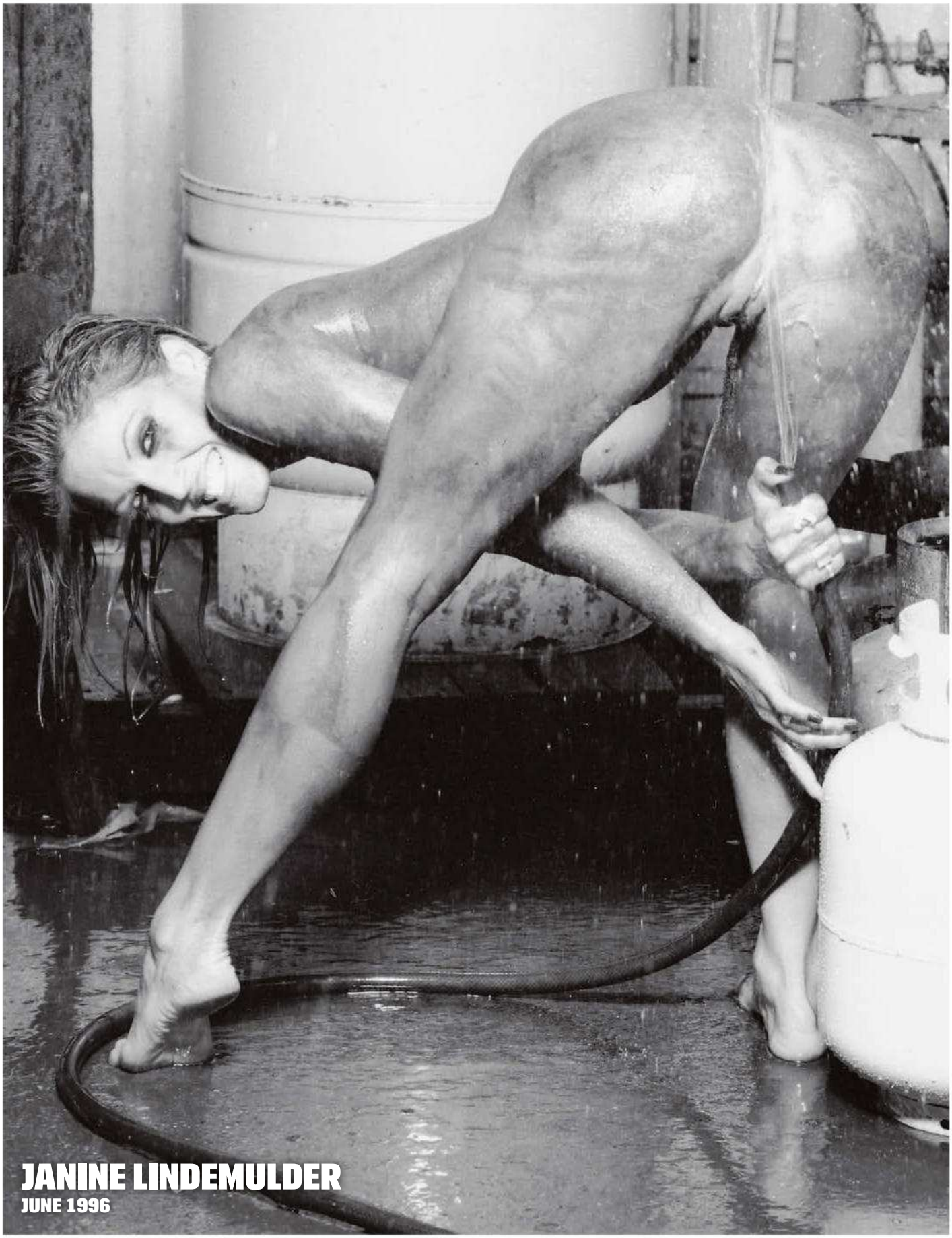

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